

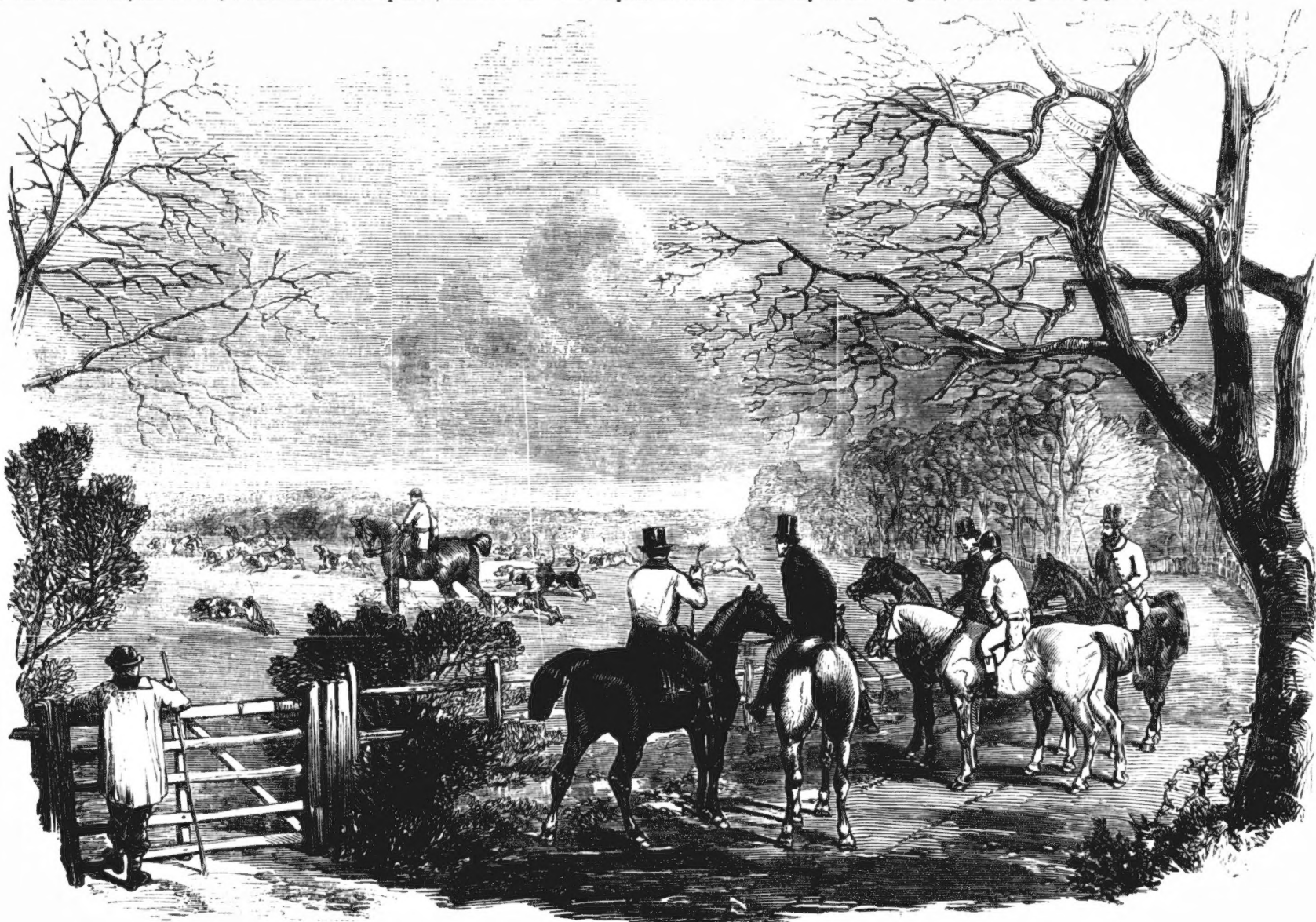
E. Griffiths

[ONE PENNY.

THAT London is a territory more full of mysteries than the African desert, we have long been taught to acknowledge. The number of advertisements continually issued from private inquiry offices without, as it would seem, elucidating any result, would be remarkable in any, even in the most masquerading city in the world. We hear of people, of men, women, and children, lost and not recovered; of human remains found in strange places, and never identified; of crimes, from burglary to murder, committed and not traced; but rarely does an incident take place so inexplicable as the disappearance, without the slightest evident motive or cause, of the Rev. B. Speke, brother of the eminent African traveller whose untimely and accidental death is still so keenly regretted. Five hundred pounds are offered for the re-production of this gentleman among his friends, with a conditional assurance of a free pardon, in the event of his having met with foul treatment, to any individuals not actually the perpetrators of the outrage. We may as well condense and simplify, for the sake of convenience, the account given by Mr. Speke's friends of his marvellous vanishing from the scene, omitting no point of detail essential to a just comprehension of the case. He left the Chard Station, in Somersetshire, of the London and South Western Railway on the eighth day of January last, taking a return ticket for the metropolis. He was going up to town, professedly, to be present—indeed, to act as the bridegroom's best friend—at the marriage of a most intimate acquaintance next day. The train arrived in London somewhat late. He hired a four-wheeled cab, and drove to a house in Ecclestone-square.

He stayed there ten minutes, speaking with the footman, who had been his parishioner and pupil. Then he went out, mentioning that he was about to buy a new hat, and afterwards to transact a little business in Westminster. So far all is ordinary and humdrum enough. He now proceeds to a hatter's shop, is suited with a hat, orders it to be sent to a particular address at a specified time, leaves the place at half-past five by the clock, and thence, from that spot, and from that moment, vanishes. This occurs, not in any tangled jungle or wild forest, but in a populous, and frequented quarter of London. We are assured that his intentions were most clear; he had spoken of his dinner engagement; he had made a passing appointment with a young man whom he had apprenticed in London; he was reported to be in perfect health; his mind was supposed to be well balanced; he had a character for cheerfulness and amiability; and so forth—not one particle of which we intend to question. There is no trace of him after half-past five in the afternoon. Two hours later his hat is picked up in Birdcage-walk. He had not much money with him; it seems beyond a doubt that he left home with a perfectly settled and innocent purpose; he went his way, so far as he did go, with complete straightforwardness and directness; there can hardly exist a doubt, indeed, that he intended to dine at the hour indicated by his engagement, and to attend at the wedding fixed for next day. Next, therefore, it is hinted, he might have been the possessor of some secret, the arbiter of some scheme, which would have rendered his temporary absence from home, and seclusion from his friends, convenient. We think that this notion may fairly be relegated to the domain of the *Minerva* press novelists. Under any circum-

stances, there is a secret in the sudden darkening of a well-known individual's existence which ought to be, and must be, penetrated. If Mr. Speke has wilfully disappeared from the society of his friends, the fact should be accounted for. If not, there has been a crime committed, and its mysteries must be pursued into its last labyrinth; and the responsibility of our detective police becomes serious. For here is the circumstance of a gentleman disappearing whose friends are urgently seeking for him, for whose recovery an extraordinary reward is offered, of whom no trace or clue, of the faintest kind, can be detected; who is not known to have been the associate of any dissolute or mysterious people; who was bent, as everybody had reason to think, upon a happy social errand; who conducted himself with perfectly easy confidence, as in preparation for a festivity; who orders a new hat at half-past five in the afternoon, whose old hat was found in Birdcage-walk at half-past seven, and who is never again visible. What are we justified in believing upon the question which is really disturbing the mind of the metropolis? The singular point is, that in no direction is there apparent any distinct opinion upon the matter. There are the theories of murder, suicide, kidnapping, self-concealment, and so on; but nobody can give three consecutive reasons for maintaining any one of them. In the meanwhile the mystery, whether one of London or not, is, up to this hour, a deep one and a dreary one; for if anything can be supremely bewildering to the imagination of a Londoner, it is how a man can vanish in this tremendous wilderness from sight, leaving no traces, and yet leaving vestiges which everybody can recognise, to the still greater perplexity of all.



A HUNTING SKETCH— AT FAULT, OR MAKING CAST.

COURT AND SOCIETY.

DR. BEATSON, the able principal Indian medical officer, and Dr. Muir, the senior officer of Netley, are about to change positions. Dr. BARKER retires from the post of physician to St. Thomas's, and Dr. CHOWNE from the same position at Charing-cross Hospital. Dr. F. WILLIS has resigned the office of assistant-physician at the Westminster Hospital.

THE nomination of Associates of the Royal Academy resulted in the election of Messrs. Leslie and Orchardson amongst the artists, and of Mr. Landseer, the engraver. No architects' or sculptors' names were balloted for.

IN the not improbable event of Mr. Beresford Hope resigning his present seat for the purpose of offering himself as a candidate for the University of Cambridge, Viscount Sandon will contest the parliamentary borough of Stoke-upon-Trent in the Conservative interest. Mr. George Melly, of Liverpool, will be the Radical candidate.

ON Saturday last, while out with the Duke of Beaufort's hounds, Lord Lansdowne's horse fell with him, and threw him heavily, causing a dislocation of the shoulder. His lordship was conveyed to Bowood in Lord Cowley's carriage. Mr. Cartwright, surgeon, was immediately sent for, and under his care the noble marquis is progressing favourably.

THE first list of subscriptions to the Cumberland memorial to the late Earl of Carlisle, K.G., is published in the *Carlisle Journal*. The sum already subscribed amounts to nearly £500, and probably now that the movement has been again more prominently brought before the public the amount will soon be augmented. The *Journal* understands that a monument on the top of Brampton Moor is the shape which the memorial is likely to take.

THE Colchester True Blue Club has decided to join the National Conservative Union, and the organisation of the club will probably undergo some modification so as to identify it more closely with the working classes of the town. Mr. Fowler, who contested London in the Conservative interest in 1865, and another gentleman, are expected to visit Colchester shortly for the purpose of addressing a meeting of the Conservatives of the borough.

MR. FINLAY, of Castle Toward, announces his resignation, for personal reasons, of the seat for Argyllshire, which he has filled since 1867. The Marquis of Lorne, who was on his way to India, having heard, while in Greece, of Mr. Finlay's intention, has returned, and will offer himself to the constituency as a Liberal. It was intended that Mr. Malcolm, the younger, of Poltalloch, at present one of the members for Boston, should present himself as a Conservative candidate; but, under all the circumstances, it is not now likely that he will take the field, at least on this occasion.

ON Saturday an address was issued to the inhabitants of Stroud by Mr. W. E. Dorrington, jun., of Lytchett Park, offering himself as a candidate for the borough at the next election on "Moderate" principles. He avows himself a supporter of the present Conservative Government. He has confidence in the present Foreign Secretary, and, though an attached member of the Church of England, would release Dissenters from church rates on condition that they should not interfere in the administration of Church affairs, which at present they can do.

THE marriage of Earl Beauchamp with Lady Mary Stanhope is fixed to take place in London on Tuesday, the 18th inst. There will be great rejoicings in Worcestershire, his lordship's family being exceedingly popular in that county, where he has large and most valuable possessions. At a public meeting held at Worcester it has been resolved to mark the day with public rejoicings, and a handsome present of Worcester china is to be made to his lordship's bride. A public dinner and ball with illuminations are talked of, and the tenantry of his lordship will hold a special celebration, and make a gift on the occasion.

THE Prince and Princess of Wales and suite remain at Sandringham, from whence it is understood they will return to town about the 11th or 12th. During the past week a large and distinguished party have been on a visit to the Prince and Princess. On Saturday morning the Prince of Wales, attended by Major Teesdale, proceeded by special train to Nairborough, and drove thence to Marham for a day's shooting over Mr. Villabois' manor, returning by special train in the evening to Sandringham. Their Royal Highnesses, attended by Sir W. Knollys, Lieut-Colonel Keppel, Mr. H. Fisher, and the Hon. Mrs. W. Grey, proceeded to the church of St. Mary Magdalene on Sunday. The Rev. W. Lake Ouslow, M.A., officiated, the sermon being preached by the Rev. Professor C. Kingsley. The Prince of Wales proceeded on Monday to Kimbolton Castle, on a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Manchester.

LIEUTENANT C. M. TURNER, of the 4th battalion of the 60th R. Regt., stationed at the Marchwood magazines, on the banks of the Southampton Water, has been killed by being thrown from his horse. At an inquest held on the body at the Royal South Hants Infirmary it transpired that the horse was a very restive one, and when the deceased was riding in the neighbourhood of Southampton it ran away. A lady saw him fall very heavily whilst the horse was galloping, and on going to his assistance found him insensible, in which state he remained until his death, about twelve hours afterwards, in the above institution, to which he was removed. The symptoms showed compression of the brain, and the jury returned a verdict of "Accidental death." The deceased gentleman, who was about twenty-five years of age, was the youngest son of the late Mr. Turner, of Worthy Court, Winchester.

MR. RUPERT CLARKE, one of the coroners for Berkshire, has held an inquiry at Boyn-hill, Maidenhead, into the circumstances attending the death of Mr. Henry Scott Gresley, a member of the bar, and son of the Rev. William Gresley, the well-known incumbent of All Saints, Boyn-hill. Several witnesses were examined, and it appeared from their evidence that the deceased gentleman was only married in the latter part of November last, and went on a wedding tour, from which he returned about a fortnight ago. Since his return he and Mrs. Gresley had resided at the Rev. Mr. Gresley's at Boyn-hill, and it was observed that his manner was strange. So much was this case that the rev. gentleman requested Dr. Playne, of Maidenhead, to examine the deceased with reference to his mental condition. Dr. Playne accordingly had an interview with him, and from what passed between them he came to the conclusion that it was desirable he should be watched. He found means, however, to commit suicide in his dressing-room by cutting his throat with a razor. The jury returned a verdict of "Temporary insanity."

ON Saturday, a very extraordinary action came before the Court of Queen's Bench, the plaintiff being the divorced wife of the Count D'Alcyran, a personage of high position in France, and the defendant the Lord Willoughby D'Eresby. The parties became acquainted in Paris in 1817, and in 1819 they lived together as man and wife in London, and continued to do so until 1834, when a disagreement took place which ultimately led to their separation. The defendant, upon this, sold all the furniture, &c., at Caen Lodge, Titchfield, for £3,000, which property the plaintiff claimed as hers, for which this action was brought. The Countess, in her evidence, stated that in 1831, when they took Caen Lodge, she expended £1,600 of her own money in furnishing it, and the furniture and plate she had in Paris was also brought there. The Lord Chief Justice said as the facts alleged were not disputed, the justice of the case would be best met by a reference as to what provision the noble lord should make for the Countess and his daughter by her; and the hearing was adjourned in order to see whether some such arrangement could not be made. The most surprising part of the affair is that the cause was not taken earlier, so as to prevent such an exposure.

HOME AND DOMESTIC.

ON Friday evening Mr. George Purley, age fifty-four years, was knocked down and run over in Victoria-street, Westminster, by a goods wagon. He was able to walk to the Westminster Hospital, but he expired in the surgery.

ON Saturday a deputation from the Church Temperance Society waited upon the Home Secretary to press upon him the advisability of repealing the Act of 1830, by which beerhouses were created. Mr. Hardy acknowledged the importance of the question, but could not undertake any legislation on such a subject with an expiring Parliament.

WE have some reason for hoping that the Minister for War has the purchase system under consideration, with a view, if possible, of presenting a comprehensive scheme of reform to Parliament in the ensuing session. It is hardly to be expected that the system will be entirely abolished in the first instance; but this much is highly probable, that the commands of regiments and the majorities will be at once taken out of the price list.

THE authorities have decided that the accumulation of profits of canteens shall in future be limited to £50, which is to be expended solely in meeting unavoidable canteen losses. The £50 is to be retained as a "nest egg," available for any emergency; and the daily accruing profits will, therefore, be devoted to their most legitimate object—namely, the reduction of the price of the articles sold for the benefit of the soldier.

LAST WEEK a large meeting of the Tynemouth Society took place. Messrs. Hansomes' crack ploughman, from Ipswich, and twenty north country ploughmen, competed for the honours among whom was a farmer's son, John Moor, from near North Shields, who, in masterly style, carried off the first prize with a Howard's Plough. The society also gives a silver medal to Messrs. Howard, as the makers of the first winning plough.

ON Friday, John Whetstone, compositor, of London, was brought up for the fourth time on remand, before a full bench of magistrates, at Dover, charged with endeavouring, on Sunday evening, the 19th of January, to persuade Private Corrier and others, of the 97th Regiment, stationed in the Citadel Barracks, to join the Fenian Brotherhood. There was very great excitement in connection with this case in the town and vicinity. After due deliberation the magistrates discharged the prisoner, partly on the good character hitherto borne by him, and partly on the ground of a doubt as to whether or not he was under the influence of liquor at the time he conversed with the military.

THE distinguished officer, General Sir George Cornish Whitlock, K.C.D. (the chief participant in the famous Banda-Kirwee booty) died on Thursday night at his residence, Louisa-terrace, Exmouth. He entered the Indian army on June 4th, 1818, as Ensign of the 108th Regiment Madras Infantry; became Lieutenant, Dec. 20, 1818; captain, July 16, 1831; major, July 31, 1840; lieutenant-colonel, Sept. 22, 1845; colonel, June 20, 1854; major-general, June 27, 1857; lieutenant-general, April 9, 1864; and appointed colonel of the 108 Regiment, Sept. 30, 1862. Recently he was in tolerable health up to the commencement of the present winter, when he was attacked with paralysis, and has from it been subject to considerable suffering.

THE recent speech of Mr. Coleridge on Sunday closing of public-houses and the Permissive Bill has offended his teetotal constituents. They are forming a "Permissive Bill Electoral Association," with the view of turning out the hon. and learned gentleman at the next election. This movement has been commenced by Mr. Coad, a "converted Cornish miner," who, in one of his lectures last week, said "they must get a pair of Permissive Bill nippers, and take their representatives by the nose, and then they would be obliged to swallow the Maine Law Liquor Bill. He believed that in less than a month they would have 200 members of the Permissive Bill Electoral Association, and then instead of Mr. Coleridge patting the publicans on the back, he would touch his hat to the teetotallers."

TWO members of the sect called "The Peculiar People," Thomas and Mary Andrews Wagstaff, were tried last week at the Old Bailey on the charge of manslaughter. It will be remembered that, although the child that died had been suffering from inflammation of the lungs—no doctor was called in—a practical renunciation of all human remedies in case of sickness being one of the tenets of the Peculiar People. A female witness, who is herself a member of the sect, explained that these fanatics have implicit faith in prayer as a curative agency, and that when on more than one occasion she herself had been smitten with a dangerous illness, no doctor was called in, but she trusted to faith and prayer for the means of recovery. The jury found the prisoners not guilty, but censured them for neglecting to call in a medical man.

A CHARGE of disloyalty against a soldier in Manchester is reported in the *Manchester Guardian*. "The charge of sedition which was preferred against Sergeant M'Guire, of the 72nd Highlanders, has been followed by a similar accusation against Bernard Coyne, a private in the hussar regiment now lying in the Hulme Barracks. We are informed that Coyne made himself conspicuous when out of barracks by his violent denunciations of the Government in regard to their Irish policy and the execution of the murderers of Sergeant Brett. On one occasion, at a public-house in Deansgate, his conduct attracted the attention of a non-commissioned officer of a foot regiment and the landlord of a public-house, and he was given into custody on a charge of using seditious language. Coyne was tried by court-martial at Hulme Barracks, but the finding of the Court has not yet, as we are informed, been made known. The witnesses against the prisoner were of opinion that he was quite sober when he used the words upon which the charge was founded."

IT must be confessed that, with the single exception of the Grand National, the spring handicaps have at present been very little noticed by the public, and the principal business of the past week has been the Rosierucian demonstration for the Two Thousand. Quietly and yet openly the brother to The Palmer has been backed for some large sums, and all doubts as to Sir Joseph Hawley's Newmarket tactics were apparently dispelled by the hostility which broke out against Green Sleeve, who is now friendless at 20 to 1, while her companion stands firm at 9 to 4. The fondness for Formosa and the advance of Pace may also be cited as the second features of the week; indeed, a gentleman who has industriously supported Rosierucian was also the champion backer of Mr. Graham's *Blue*, but on Saturday a levithan bookmaker connected with the Regalia stable checked further operations by an offer of "seven monkeys" bar one. Judging from the weight of metal behind him, Pace will run for the 5,000 to 1,000 bet taken by the Duke of Newcastle about his lot last week, although the dark Talk-o'-th'-Hill is a promising colt, and before long something may be heard of Arabian, Reconstitution, Banditto, or St. Ronan. The latter, when he is next stripped for battle, will present a far different appearance to the "leggy, unfurnished colt" he was described last season, and many of his early Derby believers may yet see partial hedging. Lady Elizabeth at 6 to 1, Rosierucian at 100 to 15, and the pair coupled at 11 to 4, has been recently a fashionable style of Derby waggering, and Green Sleeve is also remarkable buoyant, in fact, an offer to take 1,400 to 800 that she beats Rosierucian in their places did not provoke a response, many entertaining the opinion that she will turn out the better stayer. It is plain that Sir Joseph Hawley has a lot of money on them separately, and should they win between them the Two Thousand and One Thousand, their "blue riband" fate would be watched with far greater and deeper interest than were those of their fathers, Beadsman and Fitz Roland, ten years since.

METROPOLITAN.

ON Saturday the warden of the House of Charity, Soho-square, on his arrival at the institution, discovered that £25 had been abstracted from the poor-box in his office.

THE youth who was accused of posting a Fenian placard on the Mansion House was fined 40s., or a month's imprisonment. The fine was paid for him by a Roman Catholic priest, who gave him a good character.

ON Saturday an inquest was held at Westminster Hospital on the body of Mr. Abraham Tooth, aged 72, who, on the 13th ult., slipped and fell in the park, and sustained compound fracture of the thigh. He was taken to the hospital, where he lingered until the 28th ult. Verdict, "Accidental death."

THE discontinuance by the South Eastern Railway Company of the service between the City and Kensington, owing to some disagreement, having caused much public inconvenience, a new service was commenced by the London and South Western Railway, who have arranged to run trains between Kensington, West Brompton, Chelsea, Battersea, and Ludgate-hill.

AT about one o'clock on Saturday, the inhabitants of Regent-circus, Piccadilly, and neighbourhood, were greatly alarmed by a loud explosion. It appears that the main gas pipe being leaky, some workmen belonging to the Western Gas Company were engaged in making the necessary repairs, when by some means the gas suddenly ignited with an explosion of great force. One of the workmen was so seriously injured that it was necessary to remove him at once to the hospital.

THE plans for laying out the land recently acquired and fenced by the Metropolitan Board of Works for the formation of a park for South London have been approved of by the General Purposes Committee of that board, and will shortly be made public, for the purpose of inviting tenders for the execution of the work. The ground has been acquired at a cost of 60,000*l.* Its area is 65 acres, but in order to recoup a portion of the sum expended in its formation, belts of land skirting its wider parts will be appropriated to the erection of some 300 houses of such a class as to command a yearly rental of about £50. In all, the ground thus used will be about 15 acres.

AT the Central Criminal Court, Morelli, the Italian seaman (who was indicted for the capital offence), was found guilty of the manslaughter only of another seafaring man by stabbing him in a drunken row near Wellclose-square, and sentenced to eighteen months' hard labour.—Gustav Victor, charged with publishing a false and scandalous libel concerning Baron Blome, was found guilty, but sentence was deferred until next session. The libel consisted of a statement at the Prussian Embassy that he and a man named Emerick had been engaged in a conspiracy to assassinate the King of Prussia, and that they had been to the house of Baron Blome, the Hanoverian Minister, on the subject. The whole tale was evidently designed to obtain money from the Prussian chancellerie.

THERE was great excitement at the Stock Exchange on Saturday, in connection with the judgment of Vice-Chancellor Wood respecting the Metropolitan Railway. The heavy depreciation of Friday and the anxiety to know the course of prices occasioned one of those scenes which have not been uncommon since the days of the discovery of the Brighton situation, the avowal of the Midland directors, and the doubts raised regarding the character of the Caledonian dividend. Another phase in the great enigma of railway finance it is now imagined is likely to be presented, and, therefore, the operators were early in attendance to transact business. The drop of Friday paralysed the market, and though it was believed that the speculators for the fall might have oversold themselves, there was, nevertheless, a further decline. From about 110, which was the latest after-hour price of Friday, the price went the first thing 107 to 108; and when a little intermediate fluctuation ensued, a rally was noticeable, the quotation again touching 110; but scarcely leaving off so good. An enormous amount of stock has evidently changed hands on *bona fide* and speculative account, though the transactions in relation to the latter have greatly preponderated.

IT is satisfactory to find that the plans for the decoration of the London parks—those breathing grounds of a vast mural population—so well commenced by Mr. Cowper, are still being carried forward by his successor in office, and are not set aside by a reverse of policy, such as too frequently happens when public offices change hands. The flower gardens of Regent's-park and Hyde-park, of Battersea and Victoria, no less than the shrub garden of Rotten-row—are now established institutions, provided at the public charge for the delectation not alone of the upper ten thousand, but of the thousands upon thousands of the "people" of London, who in this matter are unable to help themselves. No one need complain if public money were always as well spent. Latterly a new feature has been added in the Regent's-park, of a kindred nature to the gardens just adverted to; but in this case it is not so much a garden as a landscape scene, with pleasant walks, verdant turf, an undulating surface, and groups of trees and shrubs, which has been provided for the "people." A plot of ground at the south-east corner of the Regent's-park, occupying some ten or twelve acres, and bounded by three roads on three sides, and the Avenue Gardens on the fourth has been laid out after a picturesque manner.

DURING Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, a great storm swept over the metropolis, far greater than the memorable storm in which the Royal Charter and so many ships foundered off the coast a few years since. The anemometers or wind gauges in that fearful gale registered the force of the hurricane at 29.5b. on the square foot, while that of Friday and Saturday morning showed a hurricane force of 35b. on the square foot, and in some places it reached above that range. The wind gathered strength from the WSW on Friday morning, with dark and dreary clouds, the barometer falling rapidly down to 29.38, this was about midnight on Friday, the temperature of the air being very mild. The wind then increased to a gale, and continued during the morning with tremendous force, and causing great alarm among the dockmasters at the various metropolitan docks, and owners of the various wharves for the security of the shipping. From six in the morning (Saturday) till eleven o'clock at noon, there was no abatement; indeed, it became more fierce and terrible in its blast, and at twelve it apparently reached its greatest climax, for a perfect hurricane prevailed, and it was at this period it indicated the greatest pressure on the anemometers—viz., 35b. on the square foot. The weather then was overcast, and thick, but this soon passed away and with a clear blue sky and the sun shining resplendently. During the remainder of the day the gale still raged, but not with such force as it had during the night, and up to six o'clock on Wednesday evening the wind blew heavily with every indication of its lasting for some time, although the barometer then was rising. The telegrams received at the meteorological department of the Board of Trade represent the storm to have been pretty general along the coast. At Aberdeen it blew a gale from WSW, with heavy rain. At Leith there was a perfect storm from the SW, with rain. At Arrarossan the wind was SW, blowing almost a hurricane. At Cape Clear the wind was W, a terrific gale, with rain. At Liverpool the wind was W, a terrible gale, with rain. At Holyhead the wind was WSW, a heavy gale and high sea. At Plymouth the wind was SW, a terrible gale, with rain. At Portsmouth the wind was WSW, heavy gale and rain; and in Scarborough and Shields the wind was WSW, a hurricane, with rain.

PROVINCIAL.

The *Kerry Evening Post* says that Dr. Moriarty and his clergy feel great difficulty in collecting their customary dues from their Roman Catholic flock, owing to the doctor's recent denunciation of Fenianism.

The *Warrington Guardian* states that an action is about to be brought against the manager of the Warrington Gas Works, for false imprisonment, by the men who were lately apprehended on the charge of attempting to blow up the gas works.

A TERRIBLE railway catastrophe is reported by telegraph from South Wales. A bridge over the Severn at Caerwys on the Cambrian line, broke down at an early hour on Saturday morning while a train was passing over it. The engine fell into the gulf, and the driver and stoker were killed, and several passengers seriously hurt.

An atrocious murder is reported from Dumfrieshire. A young man, only 20 years of age, named Robert Smith, on Saturday evening robbed a girl aged 14, and murdered her by hanging, in a wood near a place called Cammertrues. He afterwards entered a cottage and stabbed a woman so badly about the neck, that her recovery is said to be doubtful. The bloodthirsty miscreant was apprehended the next day at Carlisle.

On Thursday Mr. Richard Taylor, manufacturer, of Rawten-sall, near Bacup, had been transacting some business in the neighbourhood of Stubbs Junction, and, as is supposed, had turned on to the line at a crossing near to Post's Mill, in order to catch the train. It is conjectured that the deceased was caught and knocked down by the Accrington train whilst pursuing his way to Stubbs Station, for a little after ten o'clock his body was found within a few yards of the station so fearfully mutilated that no one was able to recognise him until a search of his pockets revealed documentary evidence of his identity.

On Friday an inquest was held at Barbon, in Westmoreland, upon the body of Francis Brennan, aged 14 years. The deceased, it appears, was out with a young man, named Gibson, rabbit shooting. Deceased had charge of a ferret, and whilst he was endeavouring to get it into a hole, and whilst Mr. Gibson was standing behind with a loaded gun under his arm, the ferret attempted to escape, and on springing up to catch it, deceased came in contact with the gun, causing it to go off. The entire charge entered the back part of his head, carrying away a portion of it, and causing instantaneous death. The melancholy event was partly accidental, and the jury returned a verdict accordingly.

The Irish Fenians appear to have adopted a system of tactics which shall constantly keep the public mind in a state of worry and apprehension. One alarm has scarcely died away before another strikes the public; and the ingenuity displayed in varying the character of each successive outrage is remarkable. Telegraphs from Cork (which seems to be headquarters), announce that on Sunday all the telegraph wires outside the city, within a radius of four miles, were cut, and a gateway blown up with gunpowder. We are happy, however, to learn that two of the men concerned in this audacious robbery by broad daylight of a gunsmith's shop have been arrested and identified.

Mr. Wm. Rathbone, whose name has for more than half a century been intimately associated with the commercial and political history of Liverpool, died at Greenbank, near Liverpool, at eight a.m. on Saturday last, at the ripe age of eighty-one. Mr. Rathbone was one of the genuine "merchant princes" of Liverpool, and in politics he was for upwards of fifty years one of the most energetic members of the Liberal party. He was mayor in 1833, and for many years he took a prominent position in the government of the town. He was descended from a Quaker family, but in early life he joined the Unitarian body. Mr. Rathbone leaves three sons, all of whom follow in his footsteps both in business and politics.

A CLUE has been obtained as to the murder of Miss Mary Milbourne, in Henegate-street, Birmingham, on the 21st January. At an adjourned inquest held on Friday afternoon, a witness living next door spoke to having seen three men coming over the wall surrounding the premises of the deceased about the time of the murder, but said positively that she could not identify any or other of them. The coroner, in summing up, said he should communicate the result of the inquiry to the Secretary of State for the Home Department, and probably a Government reward would be offered, which might lead to the discovery of the murderers. The jury then returned a verdict of "Willful murder against some person or persons unknown."

This *Daily Express* mentions an instance of a clever stratagem successfully resorted to in order to elude the vigilance of the Dublin detectives. A telegram from the police of Holyhead transmitted the intelligence that a suspicious-looking person was on board one of the mail steamers. His appearance was minutely described, and it was stated that he had two revolvers in his possession. An ordinary observer who saw him going on board would have supposed that he, of all men, was not likely to be a dangerous rebel, as he hobbled along with great difficulty upon a pair of crutches and a wooden leg. The police, however, whose sympathies are naturally excited, evidently looked upon him as a Fenian veteran who had been in active service, and so they telegraphed to the force in Dublin to be on the look-out for the invalid. The "G" men were alive to the importance of the intended capture, and when the steamer came alongside the pier at Kingstown the approach of the invalid was eagerly awaited. The file of passengers passed out, but no sign of the expected visitor. At length the detectives began to get impatient, and thought it desirable to search the vessel lest he should be attempting to hide himself. They proceeded to the cabin, and there discovered that the stranger had drawn his crutches and left them to wonder how such a marvellous cure had been effected during the voyage. They expected to find a man with two revolvers; they only found two crutches and a wooden leg.

LEICESTER SQUARE.

LONDONERS, to whom Leicester-square has been for years upon a misnomer and a disgrace, may well be incredulous when they are told that something like an attempt is about to be made to improve it; and they will be still more astonished upon learning that the initiative has been taken by a French gentleman, and that some of his countrymen are seriously thinking of turning this neglected square into a sort of Palais Royal. A step in the right direction has been taken by M. Vargues, who, out of the wreck of a wretched place of entertainment that once stood on the site, has fitted up and furnished the handsome Hotel de Paris et d'Europe, and who, on Saturday, invited a number of gentlemen to dine, over an excellent dinner, the projected improvements. It is well known that powers to deal with Leicester-square have been conferred by a recent Act of Parliament, and we understand that a contemplated to erect a handsome theatre at the corner of the square, while the enclosure itself would be occupied by shops, in order to transform the neighbourhood that, as we have said, Londoners in London might imagine themselves, for the nonce, to be in their beloved Palais Royal. Without speculating too much upon the fulfilment of these expectations, we are glad to be able to say that M. Vargues has unquestionably done his best towards the rehabilitation of the square, and foreigners and Englishmen who have learnt to prefer French cookery to that of native land will be glad to find in the Hotel de Paris et d'Europe an establishment that will remind them of the hotels and restaurants of travel. The menu on Saturday was long, and the guests thoroughly enjoyed the evening.

FOREIGN AND GENERAL.

THE Indian Commission at Washington has declared to Congress plainly that the late Indian wars resulted entirely from the violation by white Americans of the treaties of the United States with the tribes.

A TELEGRAPHIC dispatch has been received at the India Office from Sir Robert Napier, dated Jan. 25. The commander in chief at that date was at Koomayloo, and was preparing to send an advance force towards Antalo. He reports "All well."

A LIST of casualties on the Western and South Western lakes and rivers of America during the past year shows that 128 accidents to boats occurred, 82 resulting in the total destruction of the boats. The loss of life was over 90, and of money £615,000 dollars, on which were insurances to the amount of 512,000 dollars.

No further fighting had, according to the last advices, taken place between the Brazilians and the Paraguayans. A revolution had broken out in the province of Santo Fé, in the Argentine Confederation, and the insurgents, who had declared for Urquiza, had taken the town of Rosario.

The lightning fell last week on a windmill at Kerlard, France, and killed one of the men, who had his head in a measure split open. The electric fluid, after tearing the canvas sails to shreds, darted across to the lighthouse at Grognoy, 300 yards distance, and shattered the paratonners.

GENERAL MENABREA, on Saturday, formally announced to the Italian Parliament the approaching marriage of Prince Humbert, the King's eldest son, with the Princess Margherita of Genoa. The announcement was received with great applause by both houses, who immediately passed votes of congratulation to the King and the Prince and Princess.

M. AUDET, the other day attained his 87th year. General Melinot, to do honour to the celebrated composer, brought the band of the National Guard to give him an *aubade*, and the veteran musician came down and warmly thanked the general. The pieces played were the overture of *La Muette* and a march composed by M. Audet, when only 14.

THE King of Prussia has presented to the city of Paris his bust, executed in marble by the sculptor Robert Cauer. King Louis I. of Bavaria has also given a similar work of art, representing the late Maximilian II., in whose honour a *fete* was given at the Hotel de Ville in 1857. The two busts will be placed in the gallery of Sovereigns who have honoured the civic authorities of Paris with their presence.

The attention of the Parisians is for the present absorbed in the interesting debate on the Press Bill going on in the Chamber of Deputies. The speeches of M. Thiers and M. Jules Favre, caused a great sensation in the Chamber. A meeting of deputies, under the presidency of M. Jerome David, is said to have been held on Saturday, and a resolution to vote against the bill adopted, which, it is thought, will cause the Government to withdraw the bill.

THE Mexican Congress is considering modifications of the organic law to the following purport:—The legislative power to be vested in two Houses; the President to have the power of veto, subject to a two-thirds majority, as in the United States; all communications between the Executive and Legislature to be made in writing; a certain number of the members of both Houses to have the right to order an extra session; to provide who shall be President in case of the death, resignation, or removal of the President and Vice-President.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS is at work on a drama for the Porte St. Martin, in the style of his "*Chevalier de Maison Rouge*," the subject of which is to be the First Revolution. It is confidently asserted that this spoilt child of fashion has made 19,800,000*fr.* by his pen. What has become of all this gold? No one knows, especially not Dumas. "How is it," said an author one day to him, "that you have managed to get through so much money?" "Oh," replied the author of "*Monte Christo*," "many of my friends helped me!"

THE Berlin *National Zeitung* writes as follows:—"The Government district physician, Dr. Pickus, of Insterburg, which town is the centre of the country suffering from famine, appealed to the public to send, among the many gifts of food, above all Leibig Company's extract of meat. He says, 'already in several districts typhus has appeared; great misery exists, and greater misery must be expected.' Even were money always at hand, it would not be possible, in many cases in distant villages and cottages, to procure fresh meat for the patient, and still less good strong beef tea—the best and most indispensable of all medical comforts in such cases. Medical men in Germany, who are in the habit of visiting the poor, find it very useful to carry out with them a small jar of extract, so as to dispense beef tea at once where they find it necessary."

By the Atlantic Cable we learn that the American Congress has passed a bill repealing the internal tax on cotton immediately, and removing the duty on the importation of foreign cotton after the 1st November next. By the Persia we have confirmation of the telegraphic news that the House of Representatives had passed a bill declaring that no valid civil government existed in the late rebellious States, and revoking all powers of removal or appointment conferred upon the President by the Re-construction Act, and conferring them upon the general of the army; also declaring it unlawful for the President to employ the national forces to uphold the authority of the existing provisional State governments, or oppose the execution of the Re-construction Act. This strong measure was carried by 123 votes against 45.

A FERRY and mighty change in the character of the great Niagara Falls is looked for. It has long been known that beneath the hard limestone shelf over which the vast body of water passes there is a soft stratum of shale. The slow wearing away of the limestone gave a long lease of existence to the falls, but the lease is now threatened with a sudden termination by the certain indications in the currents about 800 yards above the Canadian falls, which show that the water has got at the sub-lying shale and is rapidly eating it away. It has even been ascertained that a subterranean stream of water is now pouring into the gulf below the falls, and everything goes to prove that the great limestone shelf known as the "Horseshoe" will soon be completely undermined and destroyed. Two effects are anticipated from this—the conversion of the falls into a rapid, thereby rendering the "shooting of Niagara" practicable, and, secondly, the diverting of the entire body of water to the Canadian side, the United States being thus robbed of their share of the mighty cataract by the Britishers.

A LETTER from Mignano gives particulars of an event which has caused a great sensation in the whole Terra di Lavoro—namely the capture and murder of M. Ignazio Caldieri, a rich landed proprietor of Conca, by the band of Domenico Fucio. He was seized in his house when quite alone by upwards of 30 brigands, all well armed. On the first news of the occurrence all the disposable forces in the neighbourhood were put in motion, whilst the brigands threw themselves into the mountains of Cesima. In the morning of the 23rd ult. the National Guard of Conca first came up with the marauders, and, being reinforced by a detachment from Taverna San Felice, drove them, after a sharp fusillade, to fly by the only outlet open to them, opposite to Taverna di Conca. The sound of musketry was heard by a company at Presenzano, which immediately crossed the mountain in order to place the band between two fires. Then it was that the unfortunate Caldieri was stabbed to death with blows of a poinard, after which the brigands effected their escape. By the side of the corpse was found that of a well-dressed bandit, the secretary of Fucio, killed by a ball though the neck. On his person was a magnificent carbine, a revolver, and other weapons.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.—Isaac Bickerstaff's comedy of "*The Hypocrite*"—or, more properly, adaptation from Molière's "*Tartuffe*"—was revived here on Saturday evening, for the purpose of introducing Mr. Phelps in the character of Dr. Cantwell, a part which he had played with distinguished success at Sadler's Wells Theatre and elsewhere, but had never, we believe, essayed at the great house in Russell-street. In the present state of the "legitimate drama" it may truly be said that we have no such instance of solid, striking acting on the stage as Mr. Phelps's Dr. Cantwell, which, in fact, is worth a dozen of Doges of Venice and such-like characters, supposed to make the glory of the performer, and written with that intention. The cast of the comedy in other respects was very strong, as it included Mrs. Hermann Vezin as Charlotte, Mrs. H. Vandenhoff as Old Lady Lambert, Miss Kate Hardour as Young Lady Lambert, and Mr. J. Rouse as Mawworm. Mrs. Hermann Vezin sustained the part of Charlotte with the nicest discrimination and the best possible effect, and Mr. Rouse was exceedingly humorous as Mawworm—a character which suits him wonderfully well. The play was well received, and seemed to afford universal gratification. Mr. Phelps and Mrs. Hermann Vezin were loudly called for at the fall of the curtain. The pantomime has apparently lost none of its attraction, and no doubt will keep possession of the boards until the termination of the season.

NEW ROYALTY THEATRE.—It is no easy matter to dramatise a story which contains no sensational incidents or exceptional characters, and which, so far from possessing the attraction of novelty, might be transcribed from the recollections of many persons in the audience. For this reason Mr. Andrew Halliday is likely to obtain considerable credit by the success which rewarded the production of his new drama, "*Daddy Gray*," on Saturday night. In almost every respect it contrasts with the piece which ran so long at Drury Lane Theatre last year. The "*Great City*" belonged to the same class of fiction as Miss Braddon's novels. The new piece at the Royalty is, on the contrary, an excellent specimen of that kind of fiction which cannot be distinguished from fact. Notwithstanding the familiarity of the subject, the new piece possesses considerable merit. The first act is too long, but the second is very cleverly written, and the third is full of humorous observations and lively dialogue. Waiting for the Verdict is a well conceived scene, and the situation which closes it is highly effective. The audience expressed their satisfaction with great heartiness, and Mr. Halliday appeared in answer to a unanimous call. Miss Addison, Miss Oliver; Mr. Dewar, and Mr. Danvers were also called for and warmly applauded.

SURREY.—We regret to say that we can record no change for the better in the pieces now running their dreary career at Mr. Shepherd's Transpentine temple—we were going to say of the drama, but we substitute of pantomime run mad.

AGRICULTURAL HALL.—The success we predicted for this well-conducted place of entertainment has been fully achieved. Singers' Grand Hippodrome and Circus, giving two performances daily, is patronised by all who like to get plenty of amusement for their money. There are clowns, trap-zoo performers, a spiral ascensionist, gymnasts, camels and dromedaries, who race, chariots, a professor who walks like a fly on a glass ceiling, Bedouin Arabs, horses, riders, &c., the whole concluding with the grand equestrian spectacle entitled "*St. George and the Dragon*," the leading incidents of which are—Shackerack is slave to the Sorceress, Sorceress enters upon the beautiful car drawn by six Royal creams, Shackerack carries St. George from his twenty years' imprisonment, the Sorceress tenders her love, and shows her great power by summoning the senses of sight, smell, taste, and feeling, releases the twelve knights who have been entombed and transformed into stone, the Shackerack King also obtains possession of the wand, by which the Sorceress loses her power and becomes herself entombed, Shackerack bearing the cross, the horses ascend the same, and the knights bow submission to their new master, St. George. First procession—The Egyptian serpent charmers, the flight of the dragon, great consternation and excitement of the Egyptian Court, proclamation, the hand of the Princess and the tarone of Egypt to him that slays the Dragon, declined by the nobles and peasantry, enter St. George, who volunteers to risk his life in this great enterprise, grand chorus, "Welcome to our Noble Lord," fight between St. George and the Dragon, exhausted, the Dragon slain, grand triumph of St. George, terminating with the greatest of all sights, the great Egyptian State Procession. We may mention that the hall is perfumed by a newly-invented elaborate and magnificent diffuser, manufactured especially for the proprietors. The prices of admission are—Sofa lounges, 4*s.*; first-class seats, 3*s.*; stalls, 2*s.*; pit and promenade, 1*s.*; gallery 6*d.* The entertainment travels a little out of the usual groove of a circus which, strictly speaking, should embrace horsemanship and gymnastic performances only, but it is unrivalled of its kind, and deserves the support which the liberality and enterprise of the Messrs. Sangers have secured for it. We may add that there is an entire change in the programme almost every week.

ST. GEORGE'S OPERA HOUSE, LAMHAM PLACE, OXFORD CIRCUS.—We see that Mr. German Reed is about to follow up his present success in the representation of comic opera, with the engagement of Mlle. Liebhart, who will make her debut on the English stage in Auber's "*Ambassadress*," on Saturday evening, (to-night). A new tenor, Mr. Wilford Morgan, of whom report speaks highly, will appear at the same time. The "*Contrabandista*" and Offenbach's extravaganza, which are now drawing crowded houses, will then be played alternately. While adding another morning performance to his programme, Mr. German Reed has wisely limited his evenings to four, to husband the vocal powers of his company, and secure their efficiency. The Opera House will, in future, be open on Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday evenings, and for morning performances on Tuesdays and Fridays.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The novelty of the last Saturday programme was the "*Funeral March*," by Mendelssohn, which was written for the death of the young composer Burgmüller, and evidences profound grief in every bar. Mendelssohn, who did nothing by halves, seems to have thrown all his heart into this composition, and we may indeed accept it as a spontaneous effusion of genius, which no after-thought or any amount of labour could improve. The vocal music was unusually good. The superb air with chorus, from the "*Zauberflöte*," was very finely sung by Signor Foli and the Crystal Palace Choir; Madame Sherrington distinguished herself greatly in the brilliant air from the "*Huguenots*"; the capital trio from Mr. Benedict's "*St. Cecilia*" was sung to perfection by Madame Sherrington, Mr. Nelson Varley, and Signor Foli; Mr. Nelson Varley gave M. Lemmens' song with unexaggerated feeling, and again displayed the fine quality of his voice; and Bishop's melodious part song was so excellently sung by the Crystal Palace Choir as to gain an unanimous encore. The finale to Schumann's Cantata was recommended by the solo singing of Madame Sherrington and the ensemble singing of the choir. Notwithstanding the boisterous state of the weather, the concert-room was crowded, a proof—if proof were wanted—that the concerts under Mr. Manns' direction are making strong way with the public.

DRIFTHAM.—With a delicate sense of the fitness of things, the "young ladies" of Cork presented Mr. Train (late of the gait) with a testimonial. It consisted of blood puddings. Fact: The darlings!—we mean the "young ladies."—*Each.*

EGYPT AND ABYSSINIA.

The *Standard*, objecting to the use of the word "intervention" as applied by us to the Viceroy of Egypt's offer in behalf of the captives and Lord Stanley's acceptance of the offer, says:—"What really happened was this. The Viceroy, on hearing that the expedition was really decided on, suggested the propriety of his sending a letter of friendly advice to King Theodore. As the suggestion could not have been slighted without marked discourtesy to a friendly prince, it was acceded to. This is the whole truth about the Viceroy's intervention." If the writer will refer to pp. 310 and 335 of the last Abyssinian Blue-book, he will find that the Viceroy offered "to send envoys to Abyssinia and counsel King Theodore to release captives," and the unreserved reply was that, "Her Majesty's Government will gladly avail themselves of this opportunity of endeavouring to avert the necessity of a war, and will entertain the hope that the Viceroy's mission may be successful." In consequence of this favourable answer the Viceroy did write a letter, the substance of which we published on the 29th ult. The letter did contain an appeal to Theodore to release the captives, but it also apprised him that in case of refusal, the Viceroy might be obliged to join the English in coercing him. It was the mischievous tendency of that intimation which led us to ask the other day whether the draft of the letter had been submitted to the British representative in Egypt and approved by the Foreign Office; since, implying as it did that the Viceroy was co-operating with us, nothing was more calculated to irritate the Abyssinians generally against us. That Theodore would make use of it in that way can scarcely be doubted, and we may yet learn that the retirement of the King of Shoa from before Magdala, and the altered attitude of the Wagshum Gobazie, were in some measure the consequence of this piece of political bungling on our part.—*Pull Mall Gazette*.

VACCINATION.

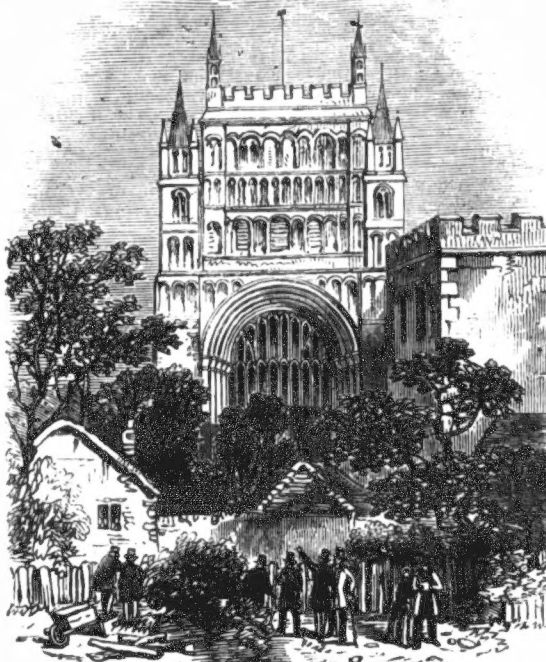
The Peculiar People are not alone in resisting vaccination. The Sheffield Board of Guardians having appointed an official to prosecute in cases of default under the Vaccination Act of last Session, an indignation meeting has been held in the town, and was attended, we are told, by two town councillors and about 100 other people. Mr. Isaac Ironside, an eccentric person, whose opinions on trade unions, foreign affairs, and many other subjects have obtained some notoriety, said that his investigation into the subject had "convinced him of the folly, absurdity, and deadly mischief of vaccination." He promised to resist the Act himself, advised his fellow-townsmen to follow his example, and moved, "That this meeting pledges itself to use its utmost endeavour to defeat a law so vicious and repugnant to the principles which are held dear by all true Englishmen." This resolution was carried unanimously. A herbalist named Fox "regarded small-pox as a blessing to those who suffered it, and it was because of the ignorance of medical men that vaccination was persisted in. Children said to die of small-pox were often killed with medicine, and if there was not a medical man in the world" (herbalists, we presume, excepted), "the world would be happier and healthier and better than at present." Another speaker, Mr. Pearson, asked himself, "Am I an Englishman? Do I live in England? Are we to submit to a man being appointed to come into our families to ascertain whether our children have the mark of the beast on them?" And he "felt sure that his countrymen would never submit to this as long as they had pokers on their hearths." The new official in Sheffield will clearly have no sinecure.

A SEMITIC DEPARTMENT IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

The *Athenæum* calls particular attention to that portion of the *Quarterly Review* article on the British Museum in which the formation of a Semitic Department is strongly urged. We agree with both the *Quarterly* and the *Athenæum* on this point. We think that a step of this kind, taken in the right direction, would go far to smooth many existing and impending difficulties. It would be at once a popular and inexpensive reform; and to quote the concluding words of the *Athenæum*:—"There seems, indeed, to be only one voice as to the urgency of this reform in the Museum, and since the materials and the men for this great department of biblical lore are both at hand, we think the trustees may be encouraged to act at once in the interest of thousands of scholars who are anxiously hoping for such a work to be achieved."—*Pull Mall Gazette*.

ASYLUM FOR FATHERLESS CHILDREN, NEAR CROYDON.

This institution has been in existence about twenty-five years; but the building, of which we give a view, was only built in 1856. It is in the Italian style, and has a frontage of 350 feet, and a depth of about 250 feet. It is capable of accommodating at least 350 children.



TEWKESBURY ABBEY.

TEWKESBURY ABBEY.

The foundation of this venerable pile dates from 715, and it was built by two brothers, Odo and Dodo, who flourished under the Kings of Mercia. The Britanno King of Wessex was buried here, and it was afterwards held by Matilda, the Conqueror's wife. The Abbey, cloisters, and offices have almost disappeared. The gateway, as shown in our illustration, is all that now remains to convey to the spectator an idea of its former greatness.

THE BISHOP OF CAPETOWN'S EXPERIMENT.

AMID all the confusion of the laws relating to ecclesiastical discipline, one fact is perfectly clear—the enterprise in which the Bishop of Capetown is engaged has been pronounced by eminent authorities to be illegal. It is urged in his defence that the letters patent which created the sees of Natal and Capetown have been declared by the Judicial Committee to be mere nullities. Even if the judgment went so far, we are merely put one step further back—to the settlement or compact to which the bishops subscribed at Lambeth Palace in 1841. The questions now raised must speedily be brought under the consideration of Parliament, and in all probability during the next session the relation of the English Church to that of the colonies will be reviewed. In fact, the confusion is now so intolerable that the interposition of the Legislature has become a matter of necessity. To say the least, therefore, the rash experiment hazarded by Dr. Gray is an attempt to snatch a judgment in a question of the most momentous character, and any encouragement of his truly revolutionary scheme might have strangely unforeseen consequences. Instead of waiting patiently for deliberate action on the part of the State, he would commit the South African Churchmen to a denial of the Royal supremacy, and his success would at once make them parties, against their will, to an unconsidered Act of Independence.—*Telegraph*.

MORE FROST.

LOVERS of skating were anxiously on the look out for a bright day last Sunday, as sunshine on the Purification betokens an accession of frost. The old saying runs—

Si Sol splendescat Maria purificante,
Major erit glacies post Festum quam fuit ante.

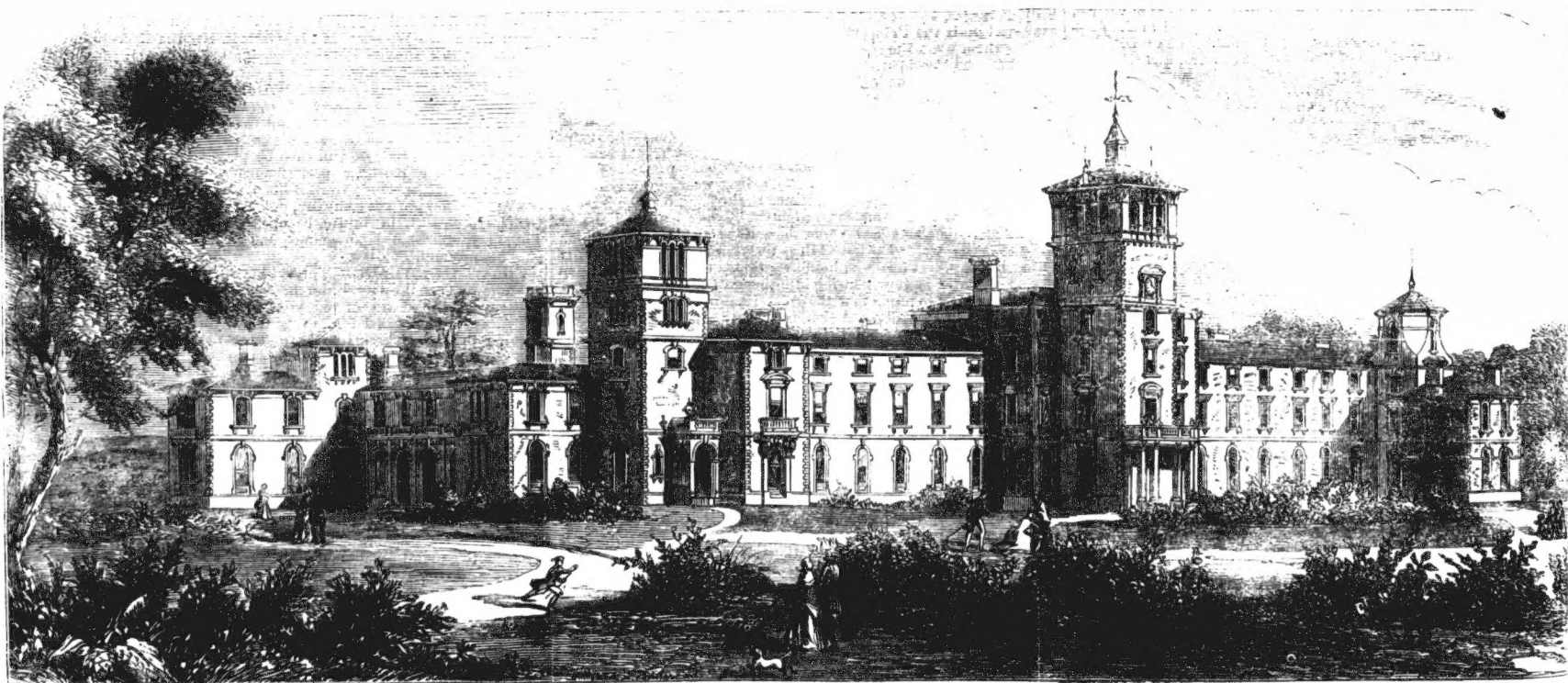
It seems to be a recognised fact that the weather of these islands reformed its calendar at the change of style 115 years ago, and has ever since omitted the famous eleven days from its calculations, in order that the old and respectable connection with the Church festivals might not be broken off. The same sort of accommodation to the saints of permanent presence was no doubt shown by the weather of Roman Catholic countries on the occasion of their change of style three centuries ago, and St. Pancras and his frosty friends are still attended by ice and snow. In the eyes of the common people of rustic districts Governments have the power to affect the rules of the weather, when acting in due concert with the astronomers, and our present system of weather is in fact a Parliamentary establishment (24 Geo. II.), so far as it depends upon legendary laws of observation. It is an article of faith that "Barnaby bright, Barnaby bright," still points out "the longest day and the shortest night." The difference between the weather of old and new St. Swithin's day is often so marked as to impress the minds of our agricultural population with a deeper reverence than ever for the marvellous wisdom—of our lawgivers, whose will brings upon the land forty days of rain instead of forty days of fine weather, or vice versa, as the case may be.

LOCAL TAXES.

THE statistics of local taxation recently issued from the Home Office show that the sum borne by England and Wales now amounts to the large figure of £18,367,000 sterling. This was the expenditure of the latest year for which that department could obtain the information—namely, 1866. This is equivalent to a poll-tax of 17s. or thereabouts; that is to say, an impost at that rate paid by every man, woman, and child in the kingdom would cover the whole of the local taxes. A short note appended to the borough rate return suggests a question. It appears that in the words of this Blue-book, "The borough accounts which are annually laid before Parliament, pursuant to Act, have not being printed since 1855." Now we should like to know what use there is in Parliament obtaining these returns from the borough clerks yearly if they are only to be pitched into the waste-paper basket, or stowed away in some dusty hole. The inquiry is not without interest, for we find that during the thirteen or fourteen years that the returns and the public have been kept in the dark the annual sum raised by these taxes has increased from £312,000 to £1,728,000, or nearly six times as much as it used to be.

M. CHEVALIER ON THE ARMY ORGANISATION BILL.

M. CHEVALIER's protest against the Army Organisation Bill, though worse than vain for its immediate purpose, is memorable for the comprehensive view which it opens of the present and future position of France. The position of M. Chevalier was, of course, inpregnable so long as he took his stand on the assumption that France desired no aggrandisement for herself. So groundless is the fear of aggression which his opponents professed to entertain, that he only weakened his own case by crediting all European nations with philanthropic notions worthy of the Peace Society. M. Chevalier may have somewhat overstated the facts when he contended, in effect, that France could at this moment bring as many troops into the field as North Germany, but he assuredly did not exaggerate the efforts which his country is capable of making in self-defence. The nation which for so many years defied half Europe in arms, and was only subdued by a confederacy of four great Powers, can have little reason to feel anxiety lest her "independence" should be imperilled. But "independence" and "influence" are two very different things. For the maintenance of the former the existing armaments of France are more than sufficient; for the maintenance of the latter 1,200,000 men may prove too small a force. By far the most interesting part of M. Chevalier's discourse was that in which he exposed the futility of a claim on the part of France to be the permanent "arbiter of Europe." It is indeed a melancholy reflection that for the sake of this shadowy prestige, worthless for any legitimate ends of national ambition, the great European monarchies during the last four centuries have been sacrificing countless lives and treasure enough to buy up the fee-simple of the earth's whole surface. It is to be feared there is but one antidote to this imperious passion, and that an antidote of slow operation. The commercial spirit, and the interchange of ideas which the commercial spirit promotes, is the one formidable antagonist of the military spirit. How far it is from being a counterpoise to the military spirit in times of excitement the recent history of America may suffice to show.—*Times*.



ASYLUM FOR FATHERLESS CHILDREN, NEAR CROYDON.

FRENCH FINANCE.

THE irritation of France at the financial burdens imposed on her, would be much greater were she ever to awake to the fact that the personal government she is supposed to desire, and the strong government she really desires, may be purchased at very much less cost. The expenditure of France in round numbers is not less than £80,000,000 a year, of which the debt does not yet absorb £16,000,000. Her administration therefore costs £64,000,000. The administration of New Prussia, which is in many respects even stronger than that of France, which, like hers, is conducted through a scientifically organised bureaucracy, which rests upon equally immense military power, certainly does not cost, under the new régime, including the civil expenses of the dependent States, £32,000,000, of which the debt consumes £2,000,000. Speaking roughly, and allowing for a local taxation, of which we have no details, it is nearly certain that France is governed at twice the

FRANCE AND ITALY.

AN influential party in France is exercising a pressure on the Emperor which will assist to induce him to press a despotic, or rather a Caesarist, policy upon Victor Emmanuel. Many signs combine to prove, that a *coup d'état* is under consideration, more or less serious, and that the King is trying anxiously to effect some compromise with Rome. The inherent contempt of Napoleon for Parliaments has been intensified by the voluble laziness of the Italian Chamber, and if he spares Italy, it may be on condition of sterner and more repressive administration. For the present, doubtless, the Emperor will watch; but a Bourbon movement, a street demonstration, a failure to pay the debt—anything which arouses France—may induce him to turn her new strength, to be perfected by April, against the easiest and most profitable foe. With Civita Vecchia in French hands, 550,000 Frenchmen ready for mobilisation, her one ally hesitating, and her greatest province

FRANCIS II.

THE *Italia* of Naples announces that Francis II. has established at Rome a court of his own, together with a sort of Ministry *in partibus*, the members of which are to assume the direction of affairs in the various provinces of his former kingdom. The government of Sicily is entrusted to a commission, the president of which is Count Ignacio di Capare Pilo, and which, says the *Italia*, is in communication with various sub-committees in that island, the correspondence being carried on by means of baskets full of oranges, among which letters are concealed. The Count de Chiaromonte, lately endowed by the ex-King with the title of Prince of Bisignana, is at the head of the commission for Calabria, and the military department is placed under General Alfano de Rivera, who, it is said, has already prepared an elaborate plan of military operations for next spring. The head-quarters of the Bourbonist insurgents are, according to this plan, to be a



INTERIOR VIEW OF THE MEMORIAL CHURCH, CONSTANTINOPLE.

expense of North Germany, an extraordinary and, to us, almost unintelligible fact, which will one day strike the political mind of France. Prussia has been governed for half a century by a personal will and a strong bureaucracy, yet she is at this moment, out of all question, the most economically governed State in Europe. There is nothing in her social condition which would account for the fact, yet which does not exist in France, and one is driven back on the conclusion that there is waste in France almost as great as in England, a waste intensified by the high-pressure speed and theatric policy of the Imperial régime. Waste makes extravagance doubly dangerous, and France once aroused may one day question whether her internal security and external weight, her magnificent army and scientific police, could not be purchased at less cost to the industry, the commerce, and the savings of the country. For the present all goes well, but an extra ten centimes of taxation cannot be postponed for ever, and an extra ten centimes imposed in the interest of public faith destroyed the Provisional Government.—*Spectator*.

fermenting with mutually hostile opinions, Italy never had such need of steady and cautious steering or more to fear from the endless recriminations of the Florentine House of Commons.—*Spectator*.

INTERIOR OF THE MEMORIAL CHURCH AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

THIS church, of which we give an interior view, was erected at Constantinople as a memorial to the gallant Englishmen who fell in their country's service during the Russian War. It is built in the Italian-Gothic style, and its interior is exceedingly grand and imposing.

MR. J. GIBSON, of Welprigg, in Westmoreland, was out shooting on Thursday, when his gun accidentally went off and the charge lodged in the body of Francis Brennan who died from the effects almost instantly.

Terracina. The General is also trusted with the maintenance of the Neapolitan fugitives in Rome, who are to be supported out of the fund left by Ferdinand II. for the relief of the poor and the restoration of churches.

It is generally believed that Dr. Domville, C.B., deputy inspector at Bermuda, will succeed to the vacancy in the deputy inspectorship at Plymouth, caused by the death of Dr. Beith. The new deputy inspector will possibly be Dr. Nelson, at present doing duty as staff surgeon at Chatham.

THE SKIN OF THE ELAND AS LEATHER.—S. W. NORMAN has returned from the Paris Exhibition with the Russia Leather bought by him, and finds he has many specimens of the Eland as Boot Fronts. Some choice samples adapted for boots from Poland, Prussia, Austria, Switzerland, Baden, Wurtemberg, and Circassia, and many novelties worthy an early inspection.—114 and 116, Westminster Bridge road.—[ADVT.]

THEATRES.

COVENT GARDEN.—The Goose with the Golden Eggs—The Babes in the Wood. Seven.

DRURY LANE.—The Hypocrite.—Faw, Fee, Fo, Fum. Seven.

HAYMARKET.—The Broken Hearted Club—A Wife Well Won—An Utter Per-Version of the Brigand. Seven.

ADELPHI.—Up for the Cattle Show—No Thoroughfare. Seven.

OLYMPIC.—Helen and Chickens—Used Up—If I Had a Thousand a Year—Betty Martin. Seven.

PRINCES'S.—The Colleen Bawn—The Streets of London. Seven.—Monday, Octoroon—Arrah-na-Pogue.

LYCEUM.—Who's to Win Him?—Cook Robin and Jenny Wren. Seven.

ST. JAMES'S.—Is He Jealous?—The Needful—The Young Widow. Seven.

STRAND.—Old Salt—The Caliph of Bagdad—Coal and Coke. Seven.

NEW QUEEN'S.—He's a Lunatic—Dearer Than Life—La Vivandiere. Seven.

HOLBORN.—Flying Scud.—Valentine and Orson. Seven.

NEW ROYALTY.—John Jones—Daddy Gray—The Latest Edition of Black-Eyed Susan. Half-past Seven.

PRINCE OF WALES'S.—A Dead Shot—How She Loves Him—Mrs. White. Eight.

ASTLEY'S.—The French Spy—Harlequin and Little Jack Horner. Seven.

SURREY.—Jane Eyre—The Fair One with the Golden Locks. Seven.

SADLER'S WELLS.—The Sergeant's Wife—Little Red Riding Hood. Seven.

STANDARD.—Oranges and Lemons, said the Bells of St. Clement's. Seven.

MARLBOROUGH.—Little Bo-Peep who Lost Her Sheep—Bitter Cold. Seven.

ST. GEORGE'S OPERA HOUSE.—The Contrabandista—Ching-Chong-Hi. Half-past Seven.

NEW EAST LONDON.—The Guiding Star—Robin Hood and His Merry Men. Seven.

BRITANNIA.—Upside Down—Don Quixote—The Prairie Flower. Quarter to Seven.

VICTORIA.—Wild Tribes of London—Charles the Second and Pretty Nell Gwynne. Seven.

ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE AND CIRCUS, HOLBORN.—Equestrianism. Two and Half-past Seven.

ROYAL ALHAMBRA.—Miscellaneous Entertainment. Two and Eight.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—Miscellaneous Entertainment. Open at Ten.

POLYTECHNIC.—Miscellaneous Entertainment, &c. Open from Twelve till Five and from Seven till Ten.

GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION.—Mr. and Mrs. German Reed's Entertainment. Eight.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—Christy Minstrels. Three and Eight.

EGYPTIAN HALL.—Maccab's Entertainment, "Begone Dull Care." Three and Eight.

EGYPTIAN HALL.—Gustave's Dore's Great Paintings. Eleven till Nine.

AGRICULTURAL HALL.—Grand Equestrian Entertainment, &c. Two and Half-past Seven.

MADAME TESSARD'S, Baker-street.—Waxwork Exhibition.

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, Regent's Park.—Open daily.

THE SIGHTS OF LONDON.

1.—FREE.

British Museum; Chelsea Hospital; Courts of Law and Justice; Docks; Dulwich Gallery; East India Museum, Fife House, Whitehall; Greenwich Hospital; Hampton Court Palace; Houses of Parliament; Kew Botanic Gardens and Pleasure Grounds; Museum of Economic Geology, Jermyn-street; National Gallery; National Portrait Gallery; Patent Museum, adjoining the South Kensington Museum; Science Museum, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Society of Arts' Exhibitions of Inventions (in the spring of every year); St. Paul's Cathedral; Westminster Abbey; Westminster Hall; Windsor Castle; Woolwich Dockyard and Repository.

2.—BY INTRODUCTION.

Antiquarian Society's Museum, Somerset House; Armourers' Museum, 51, Coleman-street; Asiatic Society's Museum, 6, New Burlington-street; Bank of England Museum (collection of coins); Botanical Society's Gardens and Museum, Regent's Park; College of Surgeons' Museum, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Guildhall Museum (old London antiquities); Linnean Society's Museum, Burlington House; Mint (process of coining); Tower-hill; Naval Museum, South Kensington; Royal Institution Museum, Albemarle-street; Trinity House Museum, Tower-hill; United Service Museum, Scotland-yard; Woolwich Arsenal.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

(All letters to be addressed to the Editor, 13, Catherine-street, Strand.)

The Illustrated Weekly News.

(REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.)

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1868.

MAD OR BAD.

WE have been favoured with a printed broadsheet purporting to come from the notorious Mr. George Francis Train, the contents of which are so grotesque, the meaning so inconsequential, the composition so peculiar, that we should be justified in supposing some innocent inmates of Earlswood had been allowed a printing-press to play with, and had produced this manifesto of Mr. Train's. That the man was always a mischief-making impudent busybody, hungering after notoriety, of whatever kind, and at whatever cost, has for years been apparent. That at present he is an adventurer, played out in his own country, seeking for fame (?) in this which may redound to his credit in America is evident enough. No sooner was he arrested, on suspicion of being a Fenian agent, at Queenstown, than he telegraphed to a New York paper:—"Queenstown, Jan. 18—9.45 a.m.—Have just been arrested by the British Government. Was seized on the Scotia immediately upon arrival out. Have told the Derby Cabinet that the American ultimatum is: Payment of Alabama claims and release of American citizens, or war.—George Francis Train." In the paper which we have dubbed the manifesto, and which Mr. Train calls

his rejoinder to the Government organ at Cork, he says, writing from "Daniel O'Connell's apartments, when last in Cork," *apropos* of his arrest, we presume, "You wouldn't be striking a man when he was down?" said the under man. No. Then damn me if I get up, is one rendering of the old Joe. The other is—If you knew how hard it was to get him down you would not say so. What is my offence? 1—My London speeches against England were made when England endorsed Alabamas, and Exeter Hall cheered Davis and Slavery. 2—My Boston speech for Warren's family, where I said 'Pay Alabama or fight; release our citizens or war,' which brings down a hundred leaders from the 'Fair play' British Press, was made against my own Government for their cowardice and imbecility, not yours." Angry at being neglected, having only one friend in power—and that Mr. Seward—our agitator flings out right and left, at friends and foes. The analogy in the following sentence is ingenious. Mr. Train says:—"England is a nation. America a dependency. Proof. Three Englishmen in jail in Abyssinia; England spends ten millions sterling simply in fitting out an army for their release. As many hundred (who knows?) American citizens (bear in mind our naturalisation law of 1802 you must respect; once an Englishman always Englishman, may apply to Denmark or some small power, but not to America,) are incarcerated as I have been in a felon's cell." All this is to rouse the sleeping eagle and promote a war between two great nations, during which such unclean birds as George Francis Train might hang about the skirts of the armies and pick up bits of carrion wherewith to whet their filthy appetites. Some Irish papers were taken from his trunk, and Mr. Train becomes elegantly sarcastic. He says, feeling that he has impaled his opponents on the horn of a dilemma:—"Do you confiscate the 'Irish People.' The 'Citizen' (your old friend John Mitchell), the 'Boston Pilot,' Philadelphia 'Universe,' 'Fenian Volunteer,' Macmaster's 'Freeman's Journal,' 'Mullally's Metropolitan Record,' Mehan's 'Irish American,' when they pass your Post Office? No. Why then in my trunk? (Is Sir James Graham alive?) I notice the gum don't stick well on my letters. Everything of this nature should be done above board. Never copy from France." The allusion to Sir James Graham and the alleged shortcomings of the Post Office is especially severe. Again putting lance in rest, our agitator lets the cat out of the bag. He is no vulgar adventurer. He has ambitious desires. "Train for President" is to be the cry, and English persecution is to help to make him popular in the land of his birth, which it must be confessed has not hitherto treated him kindly or evinced any genuine pride in her mongrel bantling. Train says:—"What right has England to interfere in American affairs? Suppose they did. Do you pretend to say the British Government can 'arrest and convict' an American Citizen for speeches made in America? No wonder you think so after the disgraceful and humiliating position of the American Government as represented through its diplomatic agents in England in regard to the rights of naturalised Citizens. Better let me have remained in that murderer's cell till Washington ascertains whether the naturalised Citizen has the same rights of a native born or not. Now, it seems not. With one million organised votes at my back, which is the balance of power on the Eighth of November, I will take good care that in future there will be no misunderstanding of the Law. Remember in America the Ministers and our Ambassadors are the servants of the people, and not their masters, as in England." That vigorous Celtic journal, the "Constitution," gave Mr. Train great offence by publishing the following paragraph in that gentleman's dishonour:—"As to Mr. Train, he is not appreciated here. He will not be in Cork the celebrity he is in Boston or New York. He is too 'sensational' for tranquil temperaments. He paid, we are told, a visit to the Commercial Buildings on Wednesday, and after a glance through papers and telegrams was anxious to be introduced to the gentlemen present; but the anxiety was not reciprocated. No more by Liberal than by Conservative was the honour desired, and he left the room without attracting more attention than if he never had made the noise which he did in the land from which he came. We wish him no ill, but it is well that he should learn that denunciations of England and encouragements of rebellion go down with but one class of persons here." In a spirited rejoinder, which Mr. Train aptly calls "A Lie Nailed Down," He says:—"There are two ways of replying to this—American and English. I give you both. American: You are a liar, and I say it offensively.—English: There is not the slightest foundation for the unwarrantable assertion of the Right Honourable and Learned Gentleman, who has evidently been the victim of an imposition, is labouring under a delusion, or must have been misinformed as to, and so forth." Frankly, we prefer the English way of replying to the American, though we can quite understand that such a person as Train would find the former more congenial, and in keeping with that training which he has presumably received inside an American liquor store. Now are we not right in asking is this man mad or bad?—that he is mischievous and designing there is no doubt. Should Mr. George Francis Train cross over to England, it is to be hoped that all respectable people will turn their backs upon him, and that he will be left to the hospitality of the Clerkenwell agitators of the Fenian class. Then, and not before then, will he recognise the fact that he is a pestilent pretender, and that the British people at heart have no sympathy with scum of the earth, however much it may froth and bubble at the top of the universal cauldron.

PUBLIC OPINION.

THE AMERICAN HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES AND THE FENIANS.

THE American House of Representatives must be allowed the merit of courage. There is nothing too high or too remote for its action, or, if not for its action, at least for its opinion. The majority of the assembly seem prepared to give their judgment at any moment on any subject that may be brought before it. This courage—to call the quality by no other name—of the House of Representatives must be borne in mind in estimating the fact that it has recently requested the President to intercede with the Queen on behalf of the Fenian prisoners in Canada. The resolution will doubtless be conveyed to the President, and he will act upon it or not, at his discretion. He may think it a delicate function to intercede for a remission of the sentence passed upon the perpetrators of an outrage upon a peaceful country at a time when their associates threaten to repeat their attacks, and he may, in the exercise of his executive power, decline to adopt the course suggested by the House of Representatives. He may, on the contrary, think he can do no harm by forwarding a message pleading for mercy, and that he is not called upon to consider the difficulties of Her Majesty's Government. But if Mr. Johnson should be disposed to act upon the resolution, and should intercede with the Queen on behalf of M'Mabon, Lynch, and the other Fenian prisoners in Canada, it will be the plain duty of the advisers of the Crown to ascertain the Canadian feeling towards these offenders. The same message which informs us of the action of the House of Representatives acquaints us also with the fact—on somewhat doubtful authority, it is true—that the guards placed over the public buildings in Canada have been increased under an apprehension of Fenian attacks. The moment when a renewal of the attempt of 1866 is contemplated as possible is an inauspicious time for soliciting the remission of the punishment of the former offenders.—*Times*.

WOMAN AND HER CRITICS.

We cannot remember an instance of a really humorous woman. The "self-consciousness" of the sex is of a very peculiar and feminine sort, a consciousness, not of themselves in themselves, but of the reflection of themselves in others, of the impression they make on the world around. Woman, in fact, lives always before her glass, and makes a mirror of existence. But for downright self-analysis she has little or no taste. A female Montaigne, a female Thackeray, would be a sheer impossibility. Any censor who dares to speak of women is at once told he is envious, spiteful, blind, deaf, dumb, and hopelessly ignorant. But in truth it is woman who knows nothing of herself. It has been said of woman by one of the most brilliant of her sex that, if she loves with her head, she thinks with her heart. As a rule, certainly, she judges through her affections. She does not praise or blame; she loves or hates.—*Saturday Review*.

MR. GLADSTONE.

The question the Liberals have now to settle is not that of choosing a leader, for only one leader is possible, but of following him. In Mr. Gladstone's favour there is every point save one. His hold over the country is complete. Since Canning's time no Minister ever possessed so entirely the confidence of the people. But he has yet to gain the hold over the Liberal party in Parliament which he has over the Liberal party in the nation. In many respects he is peculiarly fitted to combine the suffrages of Liberals of all shades, yet the very range and subtlety of his intellect, and a refined scrupulousness of conscience, lead him to find distinctions and to make reserves scarcely appreciable by other men, or not obviously reconcilable with the principles of his party. On some critical occasions the Liberals have been disconcerted by finding their leader in the camp of the enemy, or holding aloof from the fight. Elaborate and varied as Mr. Gladstone's political experience and training have been, they have in one respect been defective. Mr. Gladstone has studied every branch of Government except the House of Commons. The omission is not irreparable, and it is easily explained. Mr. Gladstone never had practically to grapple with the problem of Parliamentary management till he entered upon the leadership of a party loosened by Lord Palmerston's death from the bonds which held it together, and had to confront a question which even Lord Palmerston could deal with only by shirking it. It must be admitted that Mr. Gladstone has sometimes appeared to confound the functions of a leader with those of a dictator. When he ought to have frankly conferred with his party, he has thought it enough to take counsel with a popular tribune and a veteran tactician, and has proclaimed as edicts what he ought to have submitted as proposals. All deductions, however, being made, leave Mr. Gladstone not only the best, but the only possible Liberal leader. The defects which are freely canvassed are trifles; still, trifles, if they do not make up the sum of political life, contribute a good deal to it. It depends on Mr. Gladstone himself to win his way to a political ascendancy as complete as that of Palmerston or of Peel. Let his followers renounce a temper too critical or exacting, and let Mr. Gladstone learn to humour somewhat a sensitiveness inseparable from popular assemblies, and the chief difficulties in the way of Liberal unity will be removed. How much depends on this reconciliation none can say.—*Daily News*.

EAST-END DISTRESS AND RELIGIOUS PROSELYTISM.

We are quite willing to believe the full honesty of the intentions of the gentlemen connected with the East London Mission. They have strong religious opinions; they believe the inculcation of the doctrines they hold to be not less important than the giving of food to the starving and fuel to the cold; and they think it necessary to take advantage of the opportunity which each gathering offers to impart to the poor religious instruction. But nothing can be more absurd than the mingling of the two things, the relief of hunger and the communication of religious knowledge; nothing more to be deprecated than that the former should be made in any way dependent on the latter. The societies which take upon themselves to relieve distress make it the very principle of their existence that they come to supplement the State. But every vestige of sectarianism has been banished from the action of the State. Whether a man be a member of the Church of England or be Dissenter or Paptist, he is equally entitled to relief from the mere fact of his distress. What right has any society which pretends to act with others and to take a part in a great system of relief to arrogate to itself other powers? So far from "taking advantage" of the general distress to propagate religious opinions, we should rather abstain from broaching any new subjects at all to the people in their distress, except those that relate to their actual condition. In time of want men's minds are sufficiently employed on their own miseries and those of their families; they not only reject but resent any controversy that may be forced on them. Yet, if left until something like property returns, they may retain a lively recollection of favours done to them in adversity. If the East London Mission really desire to win golden opinions from the starving East-enders, and to gain after a time a sufficient number of converts in its way of thinking, it will make a little religious display as possible during the prevalence of the present distress. If its members relieve the poor without controversy and without bitterness they may find at the end of a few months that they have gained more than if each recipient of their bounty had joined in every religious exercise that might be enjoined by an executive committee.—*Times*.

THE DRAWING ROOM.

THE PARISIAN FASHIONS.

The second ball at the Tuilleries was much more animated than the first. When I left at two o'clock there appeared no signs of a general break-up, and there was a good deal of dancing going on. As usual, beautiful faces and exquisite flowers were numerous; and, as the toilettes were less heavy and more fantastic than any previously worn this season, the coup d'œil in the ball-room was unusually captivating.

Diamonds and flowers appeared to be popular ornaments among the ladies, the Empress setting the example. A scintillating voice proclaimed their Majesties' entrance by shouting "L'Empereur-r-r-r-r-r!" and when the Imperial party slowly and stately advanced, I thought, as she leaned on her husband's arm, I had never seen the ever-fair Eugénie look fairer or more graceful. Her toilette suited her admirably. Her hair, which was arranged in a cluster of ringlets at the back, was combed so as to display the temples, while the finest of small ringlets fell over her forehead; among these ringlets were sprays of yellow acacia and diamond leaves. The upper part of the skirt was white tulle, the lower part yellow tulle; the front was ornamented with a garland formed of sprays of acacia and natural foliage. At the back the tulle formed a train like a manteau de cour, and a similar garland, headed with a plait or tress of yellow satin, bordered it. The waistband was yellow satin; the sash was tied in a simple bow, and fell with extremely long ends on the back of the skirt. At each side of the skirt the Empress wore a splendid agrafe formed of large emeralds, surrounded with diamonds alternating with rubies, and from each agrafe depended a graceful spray of acacia. The white tulle sleeves were of the form of those called à l'ange, and they were tied at the back, falling like an aerial scarf over the skirt. Black ribbon velvet, tied at the back with very long ends, encircled her Majesty's throat. This velvet positively glittered with emeralds and diamonds, so thickly was it covered with precious gems. Princess Mathilde wore a gold coloured satin dress, with a white lace tunic over it; the latter was very short in front, but fell almost as a train at the back. Wide black velvet ribbon and a bouquet of violet dahlias decorated the tunic. The berthe was edged with white lace, and a violet dahlia was placed on each shoulder. A diamond coronet and a necklet with long diamond drops completed the toilette.

Princess Metternich (who, as well as Lord Lyons, had dined with their Majesties) looked her best. This lady, if her features were taken separately, has no claim to beauty; but whether it is her spirituelle, expressive countenance, or her irreproachable taste in dress, it is difficult to say—one thing is certain, she never fails to attract attention and a vast amount of admiration whenever she appears in public. At first sight she seemed on this particular occasion to be dressed in white lilac, but on closer inspection her robe was white tulle thickly studded with bunches of white lilac; the bodice was fastened in front with a magnificent diamond, the brilliancy of which was almost dazzling. Her hair was arranged to look very full and crépés in front, while at the back it fell in long ringlets. A spray of lilac was fastened to the one long curl at the left side.

The Princess Lucien Murat wore a mauve satin dress looped up over a white tulle bouillonné petticoat. The bouillonnées were divided by rouleaux of mauve satin, and the dress was trimmed with deep mauve fringe. Diamond coronet and ornaments.

The Princess d'Esling wore a white satin dress trimmed with three wide cross-cut bands of the same material. A small écharpe tunic, round in front and fringed at the edge. A portrait of the Empress set in diamonds on her left shoulder, and a head-dress of autumnal leaves mixed with diamonds.

Marshal Canrobert's wife, whose fairy-like beauty always shows to advantage in a ball-room, appeared in a pale azure puit de soie dress, trimmed with white tulle worked over with white daisies. It was hand embroidery, and the flowers stood well out in relief. The upper half of the skirt was covered with similar tulle. Diamond stars formed the head-dress.

Princess Poniatowski was coiffée in a most original manner; her fair hair was turned back in front, à la Marie Stuart, and rolled under at the back in the style popular during the Middle Ages; a flower composed of diamonds only was fastened at the side. Her white tulle dress was striped horizontally with white satin ribbon, and a white tulle tunic and wide satin sash covered the back of the skirt.

The Comtesse de Poilly (née du Halay) appeared in an eccentric toilette of white puit de soie, brocaded with white leaves. A black tulle berthe, which had the effect of being dusted over with gold powder; a sash to match. Her hair was arranged à la Louis XV., the only ornament being a diamond algrette.

Mme. Caretti, who, as Mlle. Beauvet, was reader to the Empress, but since her marriage has been appointed a dame du Palais, appeared in a white satin dress, with a sash made of enormous white satin loops, and ends on the same exaggerated scale; the berthe was edged with point d'Angleterre, and a diamond coronet, quite antique in style, formed her head-dress.

I have given a very lengthy description of the ladies' toilettes; but there were a few costumes among the sterner sex that deserve also to be noted—and first, his Majesty's uniform of a Lieutenant-General, the bill of his sword adorned with diamonds, Djemil Pasha, wearing a fez, and resplendent with diamond orders; Count Nieuwerkerke, in a red coat, also literally covered with stars and ribbons.

The supper-room was very elegantly decorated. The favourite refreshments appeared to be the golden-brown liquid called "potage Impérial," which his Majesty's chef de cuisine understands to perfection; partridges cooked with truffles; and small pyramidal cakes connected with a variety of fish and vegetables, and of that piquant flavour not often attainable out of Paris. At the end of the supper-room there was an alcove filled with white and red camel in trees, and in the centre was placed the statue by Carpeaux of the Prince Imperial leaning on the Emperor's dog Nere. It has been repeated so often in bronze, and was so prominent at the Great Exhibition, that all your readers must recognise it.

There were several presentations made to their Majesties; the American ladies, it must be confessed, carried off the palm of beauty among the new faces. The belles of the ball were generally considered to be Mlle. Jurien de la Gravière, Miss Beckwith, and Miss Hamill.

Mlle. Jurien de la Gravière wore white tulle over pink silk, and a wide pink sash. A graceful head-dress, à la Louis XV., adorned with roses and a spray of foliage.

The Misses Beckwith had adopted the style of the First Empire in their toilettes. White satin tunics, looped up with bouquets of long thin flame-coloured grasses; white silk dresses, the skirts being bordered with a flounce.

On Saturday night the Theatre Français was crowded with a very privileged audience, invited to see "Paul Forestier," written by the distinguished academicien Emile Augier. The piece was greeted with great and well-merited applause, and its success is now certain. Princess Mathilde, in a grey silk dress, with a Marie Antoinette flohn of the same material, and a white blonde bonnet with a wreath of clematis, occupied the Imperial box.

Princess Clotilde sat in the opposite box, in a dead white silk dress spotted with cerise and trimmed with vandykes of cerise satin. All the celebrities of the literary world of Paris were present.—Queen.

LITERATURE.

"Bible Animals." Part II. Longmans. 1s.

The second instalment of this valuable and erudite work sustains the promise which the first conveyed. The chapter on "Dogs," and the illustrations are particularly worthy of notice.

"Grimms Goblins." 1d. weekly. 16 pages. Illustrated in colours. First six parts. Berger, Catherine-street, Strand.

This re-issue, in a cheap and handsome form, of this favourite work, which has long been out of print, must be hailed with delight by the juveniles. We are introduced to our old friends the Invisible Prince, King Charming, Princess Puss, the Enchanted Fish, and many others of the fairy band, who are as fresh and as welcome as ever.

"Christian Liberty." A Sermon delivered in Washington by Newman Hall. Nisbet: Berners-street. Price 4d.

THAT the Rev. Newman Hall did not succeed so well in America as does Charles Dickens is not to be wondered at. So sharp a nation as the Yankees know that they have faults, and respect a man who tells them so. Mr. Hall praised them, and he failed. Take the following extract for instance:—

"In alluding to your national freedom, allow me to say that Englishmen as well as Americans rejoice in the memories of Bunker Hill, and honour Washington and those who co-operated with him in the establishment of your independence. It was not England that you vanquished; but the ignorance, obstinacy, and injustice of a faction. English loyalty, English freedom, English bravery, are commemorated in all those national monuments which refer to the foundation of your Republic; and there is scarcely to be found in Great Britain, from the highest to the lowest, one individual who does not now rejoice in the issue of that strife."

This may be true, but not one Yankee in a thousand would believe it.

"The Era Dramatic and Musical Almanack." 3, Catherine-street, Strand. 1s.

BOUND in an attractive cover, containing much useful and, indeed, indispensable information, printed on good paper, and being of a respectable size, this almanack does not appeal merely to a class, but should be in every one's hands. The "Biographical Memoranda of Living Dramatic Authors" is a most interesting compilation, but perhaps too much notice is taken of the very small fry. We excerpt a notice of—

Mr. John Baldwin Buckstone, born near London in 1802, and having acquired popularity as an actor at the Surrey Theatre, turned his attention to dramatic writing at the Adelphi, where he produced in 1828 his interesting drama of "Luke the Labourer," and appeared as Bobby Trot. From this period Mr. Buckstone furnished to that theatre a series of highly successful pieces, including "John-street, Adelphi," "The Wreck Ashore" (October 21, 1830), "Victorine," "The King of the Alps," "The Rake and His Pupil," "The May Queen," "Henrietta the Forsaken," "Isabella; or, Woman's Life," "The Dream at Sea," &c. In the meantime Mr. Buckstone's busy pen had supplied the Haymarket with "A Husband at Sight," "John Jones," "Uncle John," "Second Thoughts," "Married Life," "Single Life," "A Lesson for Ladies," "Rural Felicity," "Weak Points," "The Irish Lion," "Leap Year," "An Alarming Sacrifice," and "Good for Nothing." "The Green Bushes" (January 27, 1845), and "The Flowers of the Forest" (March 11, 1847) were two dramas that proved immensely popular at the Adelphi when under Madame Celeste's direction. Equally popular as author, actor, and manager, no one has more liberally enriched the stage by his talents than Mr. J. B. Buckstone, who has written some 150 comedies, dramas, and farces, several of which retain a permanent place on the boards.

The "Playgoer's Portfolio" is curious; the "History of Her Majesty's Theatre," carefully written and interesting. Among the occasional pieces at the end of the book we select an excerpt from "My First Play," by H. J. Byron:—

"It was in the orthodox three acts, each remarkably exciting, leading up to a climax, the last the strongest of all. It had cost me much time and considerable thought. That is, for an author of my years. I was about fourteen. I had devoted at least two days to its composition, and two days meant something at that time. It was not a long play, but it was stirring, to say the least of it. Each act contained a 'sensation.' The last one was remarkable. The title was 'The Pride of the Village; or, The Convict's Bride.' Not altogether a despicable title I still think, and the villain's name was Will Gallows. Those were the days when O. Smith had it all his own way in the matter of ruffianism. The scoundrel in coat and trousers had not yet come into fashion. Villany was villany then. There was no disguise about it, and the orchestra let you into the secret almost before the villain himself appeared. Will Gallows, I am bound to say, shone forth with an extra radiance of rascality, and when I wrote his part I felt that I was sending forth sentiments that would at once awe and delight an audience already pretty well inured to atrocity. For that the place would be produced—would be handsomely paid for—and would prove an unexampled success, I doubted not for a moment. It had all that was requisite for a melodrama. Plenty of strong parts, capital situations, thrilling effects. When I started to the manager's house with the manuscript, I met a billsticker, who was renewing the board-bill of the particular theatre I affected. 'Ha!' I exclaimed, 'before many days are over you will be stoking 'The Pride of the Village; or, The Convict's Bride' upon those boards, my friend!' and so I passed upon my way, mentally distributing the characters and settling how I should employ the unlimited cheque which I made no doubt was looming in the immediate future. I had written a dignified note to the manager, and had requested a reply at his earliest convenience. I had no wish to hurry him, and had resolved to give him at least until the afternoon of the following day. 'Managers have a good deal to do,' I thought, 'and it would be unfair to expect him to tackle it till after tea.' So I resolved to be patient, and though I bit my nails a good deal during the forenoon of the day after, and watched the postman with a painful interest, I still forbore making myself a nuisance at home, though I will admit towards dusk my fidgetiness may have been noticeable to a keen observer. The manager must have been out of town, I argued with myself when the postman called two days after without leaving me a line. But the manager, as I afterwards learned, was not out of town. I may as well come to the point—that is, one of the points of my narration. A week passed over, and my place was not announced. A new drama was announced, and I fondly hoped it might be mine. But it was not. I am proud to say it failed, but the consolation was trifling. Months passed away, and 'The Pride of the Village; or, The Convict's Bride' was not produced. Years passed away with the same unsatisfactory result. Nay more—it has never been produced at all. Still further—it will never be produced!"

Altogether the "Era Almanack" is a most meritorious and amusing production, well worth the small outlay of a shilling.

"The Queen's Book; Leaves from My Dairy." Smith and Co., Cornhill.

THIS Royal speculation having proved so very successful that, as we have been kindly informed by the publishers, "All books set apart for review has been distributed" (we use their own words), though no copy have been sent to us, we are unable to say whether it is a meritorious production, or on a level with the effusions of feminine diary-keepers generally, though we have been glad to see it praised ad nauseam by the gushing portion of the press. Are the profits of this venture to be applied to the erection of another

Albert Memorial, or is Her Most Gracious Majesty about to build a castle in Ireland, whither she may occasionally retire when weary of Balmoral, it such an event should ever occur? We might in the latter case expect another Royal work, which would possibly be given the name of "Shamrock Leaves."

"Secrets of the River." Edited by Bracebridge-Hemyng. Birgher, Catherine-street. 1s.

THIS book, by the author of "Telegraph Secrets," "On the Line," &c., consists of a series of interesting stories, and is well suited for railway reading, or to while away a tedious hour on a winter evening. The tales are full of interest, and told in a spirited manner.

"A French Country House." By Madame de Witt née Guizot. Translated by the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman."

THIS is essentially a book for children, and a charming book it is, well printed on toned paper and elegantly bound. The life of some children residing with their parents in the country is described in so simple and pure a manner that any child who loves his father and mother, and any parents who love their children, cannot fail to read Miss Muloch's translation with infinite pleasure and satisfaction. Miss Muloch translates a little to literally to our thinking. For instance, speaking of a dog, she says: "For Labrador, nothing hurts him," and again, "For Edward, he keeps waving his handkerchief." We should say, "Nothing hurts Labrador," and "Edward kept waving his handkerchief"; nor do children say "Boh!" at least we have never heard them indulge in such an ejaculation. But these are small blemishes which arise from the peculiar *genre* of the translator, which, if anything, always errs on the side of simplicity, and that is a fault—if it be—to be commended. There is a healthy tone in and a moral to be learnt from every page of this book, which Miss Muloch is to be cordially thanked for doing into English. A better present for young people could not be purchased. It is just the sort of book to sow good seed in young minds, which will in time bring forth an acceptable harvest.

"La Mode Illustrée." Weldon. Tavistock-street.

THIS large-sized book of fashions is so meritoriously managed that it deserves to find a place on the drawing-room table of every lady who wishes to keep pace with the exigencies of fashion, and be well dressed when perpetual changes are taking place.

THE PAPER WITH A SAVAGE NAME.

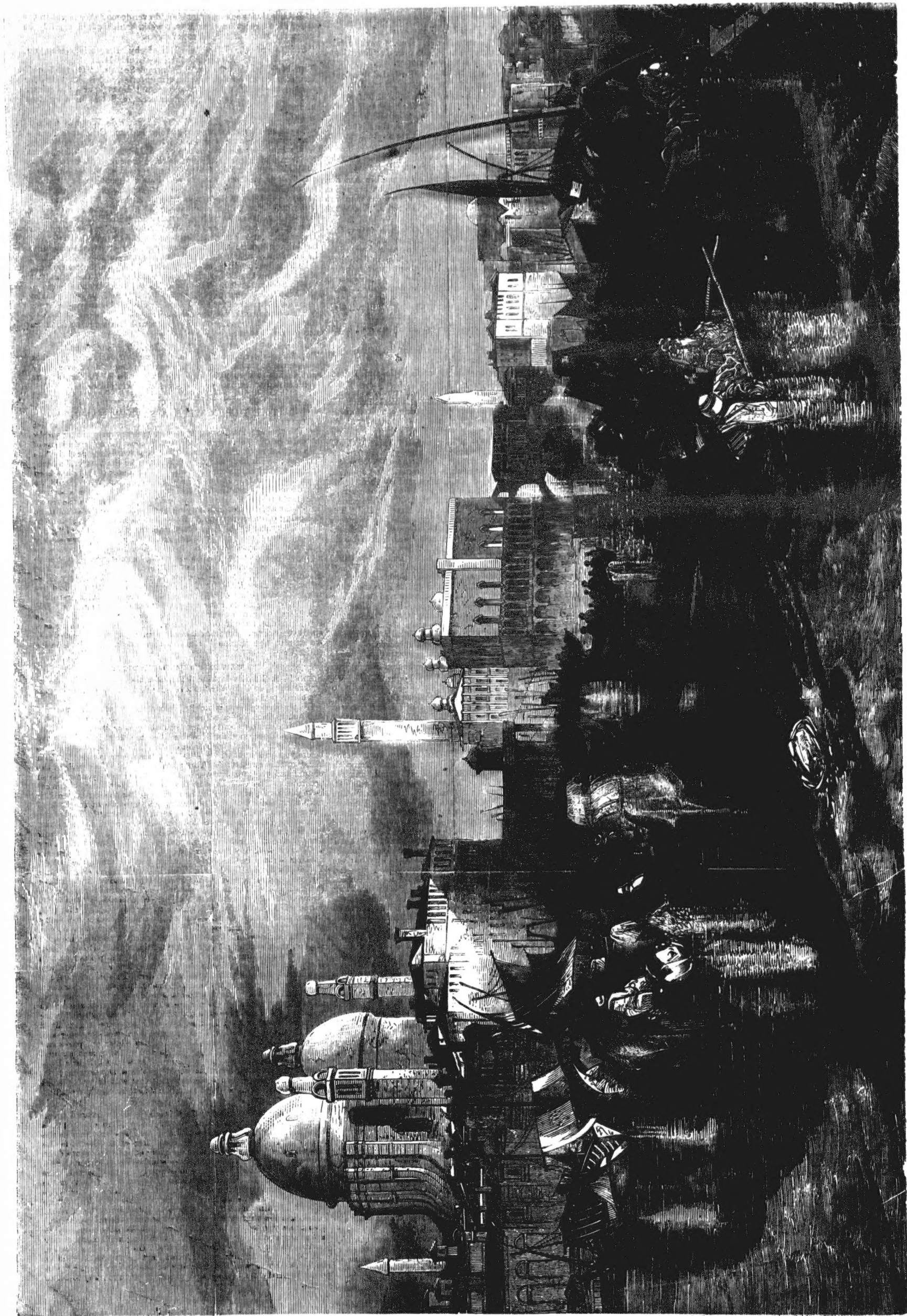
REALLY we are becoming very weary of the sensational artist and the dreary "Peep-Show Man" who pretend to instruct us week by week in the *Tomahawk*. One of the most recent productions of this vigorous journal represents a woman lying dead in the Thames; she is supposed to be "Waiting for the Verdict," which, of course, will be, "Found drowned." This sort of thing has been worn thread-bare. It has been done to death. Why should we get up a sickly sentimental feeling of compassion for a woman who leads a life miscalled "gay," and then finds rest in the river? Is not the starved mechanic dying in the garret or the street more deserving of our sympathy? But what we have to complain of is the assumption by the Peep-Show Man that the majority of "gay" women being servant girls, are ruined by reading penny weekly journals. He speaks of a "Halfpenny Miscellany." There is no such journal, as far as we can ascertain, in existence. Of course the attack is directed against "The London Journal," "The Family Herald," "The London Herald," "The Penny Miscellany," "Bow Bells," "The Young Lady's Journal," and the whole of this class of what is called "cheap serial literature." The artist seems to have entered into the idea *con amore*. Did Mr. Matt Morgan, we wonder, ever illustrate a penny serial? It is within the bounds of possibility. There is such a thing as a small beginning. So that our readers may judge for themselves, we extract the "scene" from the *Tomahawk*. Here it is in its entirety:—

WAITING FOR THE VERDICT!

SCENE!—A homely-looking kitchen table, covered with meat vegetables, &c. By the fire a red-cheeked servant-maid reading a cheap periodical.

Simple enough—is it not? Nothing very wrong about this. A kitchen interior—a scene for low comedy or high farce, eh? Something funny about James' "nightmares or Mary's romances. Wrong, quite wrong, for here you have the first act of a tragedy which begins in sin and ends in death! You look at the scene before you and wonder. "What is there wrong in this?" You ask, "in this or that?" You peer keenly into the details of the picture and you can discover nothing offensive to your sense of decorum. The servant seated by the fire is vulgar, but what have you to do with that? She will answer the bell when her master rings for her, and will carry up the coals at the beck of her mistress. Quite so, what more do you want? The plates look clean and the hearth is tidy. Again, what more do you want? In fact you become quite disgusted with the Peep-show Man, you consider him an impostor, a shallow twaddler. Very well, very well my good friends, you know best. If you see nothing wrong in the picture before you so much the better. Unhappily for me I'm hypercritical, and what seems so good and innocent to you, appears to me horrible and devilish! You have (with all your cleverness) overlooked one important feature in the picture. Don't you see that the figure holds a magic wand in its hand? No, you don't; and what's more, you declare that I'm wrong, that it's hands close over nothing more than a halfpenny miscellany! Nothing more! So be it. And now, what do you think is included in those two little words "nothing more"? Misery, ruin, death! Yes, a thousand times yes! Do you know there is something very painful to a peep in the picture of this servant-maid. I've called myself "a Peep-Show Man," and you may have dubbed me a miserable scribbler. In spite of this, the subject is very painful to me. You see one may scribble for one's bread, and yet have the heart of a gentleman, and I declare that no gentleman could see the picture of that poor girl as she drinks in deeper and deeper the poison that will kill her, without feeling cut to the heart. As I look at her with her earnest gaze fixed upon the sheet before her, I can imagine the demons dancing and singing upon her shoulders, creeping from under the paces and peering into her face, joining hands and whirling madly round her head. I see before me a picture that would delight a Doré to have to depict, a poem that would inspire a Dante to have to sing! I see the seeds sown of a tree that will bring forth the fruit of death! I see a body floating down the river, a soul drifting towards perdition.

Now what is the inference?—this girl is to be damned to all eternity for reading a penny paper. Was there ever such a monstrous conclusion in this world? There was an attack in the *Leader* lately upon these journals, the writer of which—as is the case with the "Peep-Show Man"—being entirely ignorant of the nature, scope, and intention of these widely-circulated periodicals. If the names of the staff of the most popular penny journals were known, it would be found that at least one gentleman famous in the world of letters is writing hidden beneath a *nom de plume*. The assumption that the authors who supply this kind of literature are ignorant, uneducated, and vicious, is fallacious in the extreme. The accusation that their teaching is bad and leads to "perdition" is so grossly untrue, that to disprove it it is only necessary to expend sixpence some Saturday in purchasing half a dozen penny journals and glance over their contents. Go to Mudie's library, read the works of Ouida, read—we will not be invidious—read at random, and you will find teaching so shamefully impure that a penny journal stands like a sign-post to point the way to better things.



VENICE, AFTER A PICTURE BY TURNER.



THE ABYSSINIAN EXPEDITION—TROOPS MAKING A RAILWAY.

The Baddington Peerage.

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

CHAPTER VII.—(CONCLUDED.)

THE MORNING AFTER.

THE hall door was wide open; and John-Peter, in a distracted *deshabille*, was vainly endeavouring to answer five hundred questions, categorically put, at once. Failing in that, he gave five hundred answers in incoherent fragments, anyhow.

What was the matter? What was the noise, the crowd about? Captain Pollyblank kept asking the question of every body. Every body answered, Death was the matter. Murder the matter? Not not murder, only "suicide." Mr. Falcon had killed his self! Mrs. Falcon, the two Misses Falcon, had poisoned themselves. It was pison. And above the din you might hear the scared treble of John-Peter, making a lexicological salad of his five hundred answers, and, as a last resource, imploring every body to "paw'long."

Through the tumult there suddenly came out to his carriage Mr. Fleem, who espying Tinctop his assistant, suddenly collared him, and demanded to know instant "Where the woman was?"

"Where is she, you scoundrel?" exclaimed the indignant surgeon. "Where is she? What have you done with her?"

"I—I—don't know what you mean, Mr. Fleem," his deaf and dumb assistant, in an agony of terror, answered. He looked hopelessly for Jack Pollyblank, but the Captain had swiftly and discreetly withdrawn himself.

"Didn't I tell you to let no one come near her, you villain?" asked Mr. Fleem.

And I let no one come near her," answered Tinctop, "except Mrs. Lint, whom you sent. I visited her three times during the evening; and left her for the last time at nine o'clock, and she was then in a comfortable sleep. Mrs. Lint said she was getting on quite nicely."

"Mrs. Lint is a fool," cried his superior. "Mrs. Lint is a stupid fool, and a drunken fool, Sir; Mrs. Lint went to sleep, and we had all the trouble in the world to wake her. And she says that she must have been drugged with laudanum."

"And isn't the patient better, Sir?" the assistant asked innocently.

"Better, you Idiot!" exclaimed the surgeon, passionately. "Better—*She's gone!* What have you done with her?"

"Mr. Fleem," replied Tinctop, respectfully, but with as much firmness as he could infuse into his quivering voice, "I attended to your directions. I left the patient with the nurse you selected. Mr. Falcon's footman let me out at nine o'clock, after my last visit, and I'm no further responsible. And I'll trouble you, Sir, to take your hand off my collar."

The surgeon unhanding his assistant, looking at him with a vexed and puzzled air. Then he said, "Come in here"; pushed Tinctop into his carriage; said "Home" to the coachman, and began biting his nails, and looking at Mr. Tinctop with a more puzzled expression than ever.

"What do you do in Grosvenor-square at three in the morning?" he asked imperiously.

"You will remember, Sir, that you gave me permission to absent myself after ten o'clock last evening, to visit a sick friend. I did so, and sat by his bedside till past two o'clock this morning, as you were good enough not to limit me to time, and Mr. Scalple the junior being at your house. I came home through the Square,

and naturally stopped, seeing a crowd. Has any thing happened to Mr. Falcon, Sir?"

"Mr. Gervase Falcon," the surgeon slowly answered, "has committed suicide!"

"Good Heaven, Sir!"

"Poisoned himself. How, Heaven may know, but I don't. All I can say is, that at half-past twelve I found him, by the empty bed-side of that woman, stark, stiff, and dead. There was a powerful aromatic smell hanging about the body, tallying in odour with that of a box of lozenges I found on the table. Lozenges must be analyzed, of course. Post-mortem, too, as soon as it is daylight."

"Perhaps he died in a fit," Mr. Tinctop suggested.

"Died in a fiddlestick!" Mr. Fleem retorted, testily. "I tell you he poisoned himself. Though how the deuce," he added, with a desperately puzzled expression, he managed to do it, I know no more than Lady Rabbetwarrene knows when she is going to leave off making Sir Hutchins Rabbetwarrene a father."

"I suppose Mrs. Falcon is dreadfully afflicted," remarked the assistant, as the carriage drew up before Mr. Fleem's house.

"What business is that of yours?" was the polite reply. "I brought you with me to ascertain whether *you* know any thing, not to be catechised by you. There, go to bed, and hold your tongue. You'll be wanted for the post-mortem in the morning, and for the inquest after that."

So saying, and with a yawn, the distinguished Surgeon dismissed his inferior, and went upstairs to his own bed-chamber, muttering to himself as he went along that it was a deuced strange thing, and that he couldn't make it out at all.

"Go to bed and hold my tongue," said the assistant, between the teeth of his mind, as he snatched up a bed-candle and went upstairs to bed too. "Hold my tongue! That's what all of 'em say. We'll see! we'll see!"

"I know more than all of 'em now, I think," he resumed, when he was safe in his own little apartment, and had locked the door. *She is in my hands, oh!* Jack can't stir a peg in the matter without me. I told him I had got her, and not *where*. A wrong number, oh! and a wrong street. He'll go there before he sleeps, ha! ha! I think I've enough, too, in my hands, to hang Jack Pollyblank, and to bring all these high and mighty Falcons on their knees. Perhaps, though, I'd better work with Jack; I don't like being alone in a swim. Jack's such a knowing card; he's such a safe card, too. I shall be sure to hear from him in the morning, though."

The thoughts that he *should* be sure to hear from Jack in the morning, and that he had deceived Jack as to a certain number of a house in a certain street, were sufficient to cause Mr. Seth Tinctop to break out into a cold perspiration. He began to remember, with terrible distinctness, the assurance his friend had given him in the "Blue Pump" parlour, of his intentions towards him in case of misconduct on his part; and, as he remembered, he trembled.

"I must work with Jack," he groaned at last, throwing himself on his bed; "I must work with him; but I'll see him hanged, and be the hanging of him too, some day, for all that."

With which Christian hope and resolve he put his head on the pillow, and slept very soundly.

Sleep, on such a night! Ay, they all slept,—the surgeon and the assistant, the villain and the headle, and the penny-a-liner, the daughters of Gervase Falcon in the first hours of their bereavement, the widow in the first agony of her widowhood! Sleep mercifully knitted up the ravelled sleeve of their care, even for the most afflicted. All slept; but none so soundly as Gervase Falcon, who lay with his hands clenched, and his jaw bound up, on the bed on which the woman had lain before; lay there with lights at his bed-head, and the watchers of the dead at his feet.

CHAPTER VIII.

IN WHICH CAPTAIN POLLYBLANK MAKES ARRANGEMENTS TO INCREASE HIS CAPITAL.

ANTICIPATING a scene of Equivoque of some sort or other between Mr. Fleem and his assistant, and one which, by some remote chance, might turn out disagreeable to all parties, Captain Jack Pollyblank had, as has been hinted in the previous chapter, prudently withdrawn himself from the scene of conversational operation, immediately he heard Tinctop addressed. The singular modesty and reticence of Captain Pollyblank likewise prompted him to lurk behind walls and skulk round corners till Mr. Fleem's carriage had driven away, and was well out of sight: the collateral disappearance of Tinctop did not the least disturb him; for as his friend rightly augured, he knew where to find him; and where, and how to have him in the morning.

Thus, too, when the impromptu crowd had dispersed, and John-Peter, by a vast exertion of physical and moral courage, had refused to answer any more questions from any body, and had shut the outer door in every body's face, the cautious captain did not attempt, either by rap or ring, or parley, to obtain ingress to that House of Death, out of one, or some, or all of whose living occupants he had already settled in his mind—with all the sternness of a scoundrel's *idée fixe*—to make his fortune.

Tinctop had given him, both at the "Blue Pump" and in their walk thence, a hurried outline of the Falcon-cum-Baddington genealogy; and he was now passably acquainted with the bearings of that Peerage: still, to borrow an expression of the captain's, called from the fruitful vocabulary of his favourite game of billiards, he could not yet fit all the right cues to the right balls; and in one or two instances he was at fault altogether. For instance, he had not as yet, from what Tinctop had told him, any reason to believe that the woman who had fallen down in the hall that morning was not still safely a-bed in the upper chamber. You, reader, have been in already.

Another consideration prompted the captain to examine the ground carefully before he commenced his financial campaign. It was incumbent on him to satisfy himself as to the exact circumstances under which Mr. Falcon had died, and whether he had left anything behind him calculated to compromise him, Pollyblank. And there was a last and a very weighty reason for the captain's reluctance to adopt any rash course of procedure, in the fact that he had been swallowing strong liquids and inhaling the fumes of strong tobacco for the major part of the last five hours, and that he was now considerably more than three-parts drunk.

"Which is a state," the captain (round the corner) soliloquised, quite coherently, but somewhat huskily as to utterance: "which is a state in which I never do business. Seeing which, I shall just indulge in a pint of Snobbins and a pipe, till my head gets clear, and leave the bereaved swells to their peaceful slumbers. Pleasant dreams to 'em!"

Captain Pollyblank had been brought up in quite a Lacedaemonian school of deboshed discipline, and looked upon soda-water as a new-fangled invention; it was comparatively so then—and as the diluent of milkshops. When he had taken too much, which occurred as often as he could get enough, he inclined, as a refresher and brain-cooler, to the genial "Snobbins," which was indeed the smallest ale or the smallest beer that he could obtain at the lowest public-house or the humblest chandler's shop. There is more virtue in small-beer than has yet been chronicled.

On this occasion, however, the Captain, feeling extraordinarily feverish and thirsty, looked round for some time vainly for an open tavern or shop; for night-houses were, as may well be imagined, scouted from the genteel precincts of Grosvenor-square. By great good luck, however, the "Robin Redlegs" had opened its doors a good two hours earlier than usual, in consequence of the profitably mournful event close by, and was already driving a brisk trade. Into this ark of refuge Jack Pollyblank incontinently

dived, and ordering the "Scobbins" in question, proceeded to pour that refreshing beverage down his parched throat.

"Hot coppers," the captain said, with a complacent sigh, as he replaced the pewter mug on the counter.

"Hot, indeed; comes of being up all night racketting about," said, in a responsive echo, a voice close by.

Captain Pollyblank turned sharply round, and was on the point of asking, with considerable irritation, what the Devil the speaker meant by taking his words up, when he caught sight of the speaker himself; on which the expression of his face immediately changed from hospitality to amity, and he thrust forward a bunch of very coarse, clumsy, dirty fingers which belonged to a hand of his, and clutched the hand of the person who had mentioned hot coppers in connection with stopping out all night in the most friendly manner.

"Why, Zillah the Betrayed, my hearty, how goes it?" he cried.

Zillah the Betrayed was a flat-footed, shambling, Leaning-Tower-of-Pisa of a man, about forty, all askew, like that celebrated sample of architecture not quite right in its head. The top of Zillah's head was not quite right either, for it was flat on the surface, with a round fleshy knob like a dome dominating a city. You had frequent opportunities of remarking this curious feature on Zillah's head formation; for he (he *was* a he) was continually taking off a hat with a rusty crape-band to it, and a brim quite vandyked with long fingering, extracting a cotton pocket-handkerchief, literally snuff-coloured, for it had only the colour of the snuff where it was impregnated, and wiping with it his face, which, though pale, was in a state of perpetual perspiration. Desperately pock-marked was Zillah the Betrayed, and the few tufts of hair he possessed, chiefly about the temples and the bumps of the maxillaries, were in colour as red as the foxes of the field. He had a flaming red nose, set amidst his face—a nose that was a very cairn of crimson cherry-stones, a very standard rose-tree of grig-blossoms. An apter smile might perhaps be found, were I to compare that rubicund truncated cone to a big beet-root set up on one end in the middle of a ploughed field, with twinkling little eyes on either side, like field-mice eagerly watching and anxious to nibble it.

The attire of Zillah the Betrayed was black in hue, but of the

man in the Strand. Are you at the old game still? Does it pay, Zill? Will it yet wash, Gaff?"

"Ah," replied Mr. Gaffner, otherwise Zillah, with a touch of melancholy in his voice. "I've forsaken Literature and the Drama, Jack; at least, that sort of Literature. I've taken to something else now."

"Undertaking!"

"No; not exactly that—I don't think I could exactly bring myself to black work, Jack."

"I could," answered that gentleman calmly. "I should like to be a mute amazingly. If I wasn't a gentleman, I'd be one. What are you then? Something queer, I'll be bound, to be out this time in the morning."

"Guess!" Zillah the Betrayed said, mysteriously.

"Begging-letters?"

"Well then," Jack impatiently threw in, "street preacher, cadger, Government spy—(there's many of them about)—reform lecturer, Sunday-school teacher? Stop! I have it:—are you a resurrection-man?"

"No, Jack, not quite; though I have something to do with them."

"I thought," the Captain (who had lighted a pipe again by this time) resumed, "that you weren't a regular bone-grubber. You're too ready for that, and resurrectioning pays well just now. Perhaps you're a Barker, and trust the surgeons too much:—or what the deuce is your business?"

"Murder's my business," replied, sententiously, and in a low voice, the individual catechised.

"Murder!" Captain Pollyblank rejoined, not exactly starting back, or looking horrified; but still showing signs of very considerable astonishment. "Murder?"

"Battle, murder, and sudden death," added the Betrayed One. "Especially sudden death. Shipwrecks, fires, suicides, appalling accidents, and singular occurrences; that's my business. I'm on the Press."

"What Press?"

"Why, the newspaper Press, to be sure. I do short paragraphs about such things as have happened round the corner, for instance. I am an occasional reporter. They call me"—he added in a low,

Redlegs' tap; and, in accents studiously low, and reading from mysterious scraps of paper, told him, who already knew something, as much as he knew of the circumstances of Gervase Falcon's death.

CHAPTER IX.

"CROWNER'S QUEST."

THE "highly-respectable jury" empanelled for the purpose, sat upon the body of Gervase Falcon, and made very little of him. Many of the highly-respectable jurymen had served the dead man with provisions—butter, cheese, and the like,—and thought it rather a liberty to set upon him at all. Others were indifferent, and others too stupid, and others much too clever, attributing the lamented gentleman's demise to most astonishing and conflicting abnormal causes, ranging from sunstroke to spontaneous combustion. The man was dead, however, and all the respectable juries in the world could not bring him to life again.

Mr. Fleem, F.R.C.S., sat at the head of the jury-table, and at the right hand of the coroner, as was meet to a man whom that functionary delighted to honour. Mr. Fleem told his story, which did not add much to any body's information. He had found Mr. Falcon dead. He had opened the body, and found nothing in it; nothing of a deleterious character, at least. Yes; the brain *was* congested slightly. Apoplexy? Well, he should say that the tissues—and here the learned Fleem proceeded to bewilder the jury with such an extent of erudition, commencing at tissues and ending nowhere, that the highly-respectable jury made haste to return a verdict of "Death from natural causes," and to get out of the house, which had already that mysterious closeness and leaden oppression in its atmosphere which hangs about every dwelling where Death is.

The inquest had been held in the parlour where the feast had taken place the day before; and the paper and pens and ink coldly furnished forth the bridal table. The highly-respectable jury went bundling through the hall, meeting with heart-breaking difficulties in the recovery of their hats and coats, and treated with the most contemptuous neglect by John-Peter and his brother servants, who stood together in a knot, and whispered comments respecting the inquest. It is the privilege of Fashion, when it dies suddenly, to be set upon in its own house. If John-Peter, or any of his degree, had so ended, they would have held an inquest on him at the "Robin Redlegs" in the Mews.

Said the Coroner to Mr. Fleem, drawing on his gloves, "A very curious case."

"Remarkably so," the medical practitioner acquiesced.

There was a dead pause after this; and the Coroner took off one of his gloves again, by way of diversion.

"Remarkably so," Mr. Fleem repeated, feeling that the Coroner was looking at him, and expected him to say something.

"A most estimable gentleman, I believe," the legal functionary observed, moving towards the door.

"Estimable!" Mr. Fleem cried, in a melancholy ecstasy of admiration. "Estimable! a jewel of a man, my dear sir. Husband, father, brother, and man, he was estimable in every social phase, and in every relation of life. His loss will never, never be repaired. I wonder what the deuce he poisoned himself for!" Mr. Fleem added, but mentally, you may be sure.

"A terrible loss!" remarked the Coroner.

"Terrible, terrible, terrible!" Mr. Fleem sighed, bowing the Coroner through the hall. "Terrible!" he said, in an alto key, to remind John-Peter that there was a visitor to be let out. "So estimable a gentleman!" he concluded as the Coroner took his departure. Then Mr. Fleem, cogitating very deeply as he walked, went upstairs into the drawing-room; and the Coroner went to sit on somebody else.

It was agreed on all sides that the deceased was estimable. Nobody said that he was a suicide, and ought to be buried in a cross-road with a stake through his heart. "Estimable in every relation of life" sounded well in eighteen hundred and thirty—sounds well now. The morning newspaper, which in a twelve-line paragraph recorded his death, said he was estimable. Mr. Resurgam, the undertaker, was quite sure he was estimable, as he listened to his assistants driving the nails into Gervase Falcon's fine coffin, with the superfine cloth and the cherub handles. Mr. Fiddys, the mortuary sculptor, hadn't a doubt about his estimable qualities, and had his eye already upon "estimable" for the fourth line or so of the monumental inscription. How estimable he was to his family, those bereaved ones only knew.

There are some men who may be called human ravens, and who only make their appearance when Death is about. We have all of us some special funeral friends, people we don't see for years and years together; but who are summoned to meet us, as a matter of course, when there is any body to be buried; then we lose sight of them again till some body else dies. There is another human raven in the person of the Death Lawyer, who never seems to have any thing to do with births or marriage-settlements, but is always in at the Deaths.

(To be continued.)

SUICIDE OF A HINDOO.

An inquiry was held by Mr. Humphreys, coroner, on Friday, at the Fountain Tavern, Baldwin-street, St. Luke's, relative to the suicide of a Hindoo, whose name is unknown.

The deceased for years past was continually to be seen about the City handing tracts to the passers-by in hopes of getting alms. Where he lived, or how, not even the police knew. It was supposed that he had no lodging, and that he used to sleep in stable-yards, or under arches. He never said a word to any one either in English or Hindostani; he contented himself with a salam and an indescribable grimace by way of thanks to whoever gave him a halfpenny for the sight of his tracts. He appeared not to have a single acquaintance anywhere. His apparent age was 45 years. A fortnight ago he, no doubt, got tired of his dismal mode of life, and he flung himself in the roadway before an omnibus. The horses, however, stepped over him, and the wheels of the omnibus passed on either side of his body, so that he was picked up quite uninjured. While walking down Bishopsgate immediately after this failure in the attempt to commit suicide a woman, struck by his disconsolate appearance, offered him some meat, which he (possibly from some religious scruples) refused. That was the last time—so far as can be ascertained—that anybody saw him alive. On Monday last William Sydes, a man in the employ of Mr. Cherry, a van proprietor in Middle-row, St. Luke's, went into a dark part of the stable to get a sack. When he put out his hand he felt the cold face of a corpse. He rushed out and gave an alarm. When assistance came the body of the deceased was found in a kneeling posture on the ground, a rope fastened around his neck and tied to a beam of the roof. There was no money or any other property found upon him. Dr. Yarrow, the police-surgeon, said that the deceased must have been hanging three days.

The Coroner said that the mystery of the deceased's existence and name would now never be disclosed. There was little doubt that he had committed suicide in despair at his sordid condition, but there was no evidence of the fact.

The jury returned a verdict of "Found dead from hanging."

WAR OFFICE CLERKS.—We learn that recent minor changes in the personnel of the War Office tend to show that the modern experiment of employing competent soldiers and pensioners, instead of graduates of Oxford and Cambridge, to copy letters and compute accounts has been found to work well, and that it is likely to be extended as opportunities offer. The rate of pay which affords a comfortable subsistence to the military clerk is not greater than that at which the salary of the civilian commences, while it is barely sufficient, of course, to keep the young man



THE ARRIVAL OF TINCTOP IN THE PARLOUR OF THE "BLUE PUMP."

rustiest and the most woe-begone. There were more button-holes than buttons on the breast of his coat, though that garment was closed right up to the neck, and more pins than either. His trousers had "knees" to them. You know what "knees" are—unsightly protuberances and bagging of the cloth on the region of the patella, due somewhat to bad tailoring in *principle*, but more to long and unrelieved wear. They were terribly frayed round the bottom edges; and, from one leg of the trousers being much longer than the other, grievous cause for suspicion was warranted that the breeches of Zillah the Betrayed were in an abnormal condition. Zillah had gloves of brown Berlin; but his fingers peeped through them. His hat above the rusty crape-band was shiny enough; but one killed in such matters might have known that lustre was due to the friction of a wet brush. Zillah carried in that hat, by the way, besides the snuff-coloured handkerchief, a quantity of blue-wave foolscap paper, wrapped up in a ragged newspaper. Finally, from head to heel of him, soap and water were as evidently inimical to his habits as every body's enemy is said to be to holy water; and there no more appeared about him, at his neck or his wrist, the sign of a shirt than there appeared a sail during the first two days that Mr. Dibdin's ship, name unknown, lay in the Bay of Biscay.

Such was Zillah the Betrayed, whose name, by the way, was Gaffner. He was a ragged-looking rogue enough, and his attire, taken in the aggregate, might in Rag Fair have fetched some two-pence-halfpenny less than Jack Pollyblank's; yet, for all his rags, the man looked better to do in the world than his friend with the hot coppers, and he had an expression withal of being incomparably more honest.

"Why, Jack," he said, returning the Captain's salutation, "you're always starting up when nobody expects you. Last time was at Greenwich fair; time before in Whitecross-street; time before in Smithfield, on a market morning; time before that in the gallery of the Cobourg. What have you been doing with yourself?"

"What have you been doing with yourself, Zillah?" retorted the other. "The last time I saw you, you were making a fortune out of that immortal 'betrayed one' of yours. Let me see; you had her in a three-act melodrama at the Cobourg; in a novel, at a penny a number; in a halfpenny song, in the Dials; outside a show, in a comic recitation; at the Admiral Gambier, in the Borough-road; in a political satire, for the 'Reformer's Catechism'; and, if I'm not mistaken, in an acrostic, for the blacking-

hissing whisper—"a 'liner,'—a 'penny-a-liner.' Tell 'em, they're liars. Are you going to stand any beer?"

"Quarts," cried the generous Pollyblank; "and after that some breakfast as well, if you like, Lord, Lord! who'd 'a thought of your being a lin—, an occasional reporter, I mean. And does it pay, Gaff?"

"But so-so, but so-so, my dear fellow. But you, what are you doing? You never did much that I know of, Jack, except drink, and fight, and swear, and play cards."

"Oh, I," replied the Captain, changing another sovereign with a gesture worthy of a Louis Quatorze. "I'm making my fortune, my dear fellow."

"Glad to hear it," remarked the Occasional Reporter after a pull at the beer Jack had ordered and paid for. "You weren't making it a year ago, Jack."

"But a year ago," interposed the Captain, testily. "I want to talk to you about this queer start round in the square last night. You know all about it, I suppose."

Zillah the Betrayed winked, laid his forefinger by the right side of that monstrous crimson nose of his, and nodded significantly.

"Well," continued Captain Pollyblank, "I want to know all about it too; and as I'm rather in a hurry, I should like to hear it now, before it gets into one of those newspapers of yours, when, of course, all the world will know it."

"I beg your pardon, Jack Pollyblank; all the world won't know it," Mr. Gaffner broke in, in accents of friendly remonstrance. "Do you think all I know goes into the newspapers? Besides, for aught I know, you may be 'lining'—I mean reporting—this case of suicide, I mean sudden death, as well as myself. You'd better find out for yourself, Mr. P."

But Zillah the Betrayed, who was as simple-minded and guileless-hearted a creature as could be found between Grosvenor-square and G-rgona, was easily soothed and pacified. He had sent his report of the sudden death, or suicide, call it which you will, down to the newspaper offices by messenger, and was waiting near the spot, to see if he could obtain any "additional particulars" that might come in handy preparatory to the inquest. The prospect, moreover, of additional beer, and even of breakfast in the background, may have been somewhat of an incentive to Mr. Gaffner, who, satisfying himself that Pollyblank did not belong to the honourable corps of penny-a-liners—indeed, he knew most of them intimately, and all their names familiarly—sat down by the Captain's side in the darkest corner of the "Robin

The Poisoner's Daughter: A TALE OF THE COMMONWEALTH.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE UNHOLY ALLIANCE.

THE ceiling above the table had been so contrived by the alchemist that by pulling suddenly and sharply upon the drawer-handle, an immense sheet of iron, weighing nearly half a ton, would fall and certainly crush any one below its area.

"Did you suppose, Herbert Redburn, that she whom you taught to be a very fiend while she was your wife, would venture into your lair without having first visited it? While you were out this day, laying snares for those whom you desire to destroy, I was in this room. I examined everything except that secret closet from which you took the proofs of our marriage. I admit that escaped my search, for my opportunity was limited."

"The foreman of the workmen allowed you to enter, did he?" demanded the alchemist, instantly deeming that foreman to destruction.

"Let the foreman live," replied Madam St. Luke, "for I entered without his knowledge. Your contrivance to crush unsuspecting visitors as they sat at this centre-table did not escape my discovery. Had you attempted our lives by drawing upon that handle, you would have fired enough of gunpowder to shatter your skull—try it."

But the alchemist did not try it. He stared wildly at this woman whose sagacity made his own devilish cunning a mockery.

"Come," said Madam St. Luke, "it is time that we began to act."

"To act!" thought the alchemist. "She has all she wanted, the proofs of her marriage, and she is playing with me as a cat plays with a mouse. She will soon kill me—I read it in her eye."

The reader will remember that we related in Chapter Twenty-third how Madam St. Luke, in leaving the room of her son, used these ominous words—

"Then, my son, your interest will demand that your mother shall re-appear to him, as from the grave, and confront him in an interview in which he or she must die."

The alchemist had not heard those words, nor the solemn tone in which they were spoken, but he now saw the resolve in the fierce dark eyes of his wife.

He saw that she read his intention to destroy her upon the first opportunity—that she was invulnerable upon her guard against every attack—that she knew she must encompass his death to save her own life.

But he moved himself to sell his life dearly, and as he cared little who fell with him, he resolved that St. Luke, whom she loved so well, should die, whether St. Luke were his son or not.

Raymond St. Luke, however, never played the part of a cipher in any adventure in which he was engaged, nor had he forgotten those ominous words of his mother; neither did he wrongly interpret the expression of desperate resolve which whitened the thin features of his father. He, of course, had not the slightest feeling of love or esteem for his newly found father, and he had scarcely any for his mother. He regarded both as mere aids to his own boundless avarice and ambition.

Neither did he desire that a fierce struggle should take place in his presence, for since he had learned that he was the legitimate nephew of Henry Redburn, Duke of Langford, and cousin of the duke's only child, the beautiful heiress of immense estates, his mind soared as loftily as ever had that of Herbert Redburn.

He needed the alliance of his antagonistic parents, and his schemes had not progressed to that point at which he would gladly say—

"Up and at each other, devils who gave me birth! Tear and rend and destroy those lives which I need no longer!"

Therefore he resolved to end the interview instantly, and moved towards the door.

His action was believed to be, by the alchemist, a movement to call in the troopers, and with a sudden spring the latter rushed upon him, holding that thin elastic sword which we have already mentioned.

St. Luke was watchful, and wheeled with cat-like swiftness, his blade met that of his father's, and scarcely had their swords crossed when St. Luke's was hurled from his hand, and that of his father at his throat.

The skill of the alchemist—that skill which had made the name of Herbert famous—had met the scarcely less famous rapier of his son, and disarmed him instantly.

Madam St. Luke, whose vigilance was as rapid as light, had marked the compression of the thin lips of the alchemist as he resolved to attack, and her sword flashed from its sheath and struck aside his thrust in time to save the life of her son, and crossed with that of her husband.

St. Luke did not pause to view the combat of husband and wife with weapons which both understood to perfection, but springing to the door, shouted—

"Rescue! St. Luke. Rescue!"

The cry was instantly answered by the rattle of drums beating a charge, and the rush of a score of picked men, whose red uniforms and bright steel caps were soon pouring into the apartments where Herbert Redburn and Madam St. Luke were striving to slay each other.

There was no trick of the sword used by the alchemist which was not instantly met with another by his wife, whose practice as a teacher of fencing made her at least his match.

"Part them!" cried St. Luke, as his troopers rushed in. "Part them, but do not hurt them."

Madam St. Luke ceased to fight as soon as the halberds and swords of the troopers made further combat impossible; but the alchemist, who believed that he was to be captured or slain, continued to ply that terrible sword of death, and it was not until three of the troopers had fallen that he lowered his point.

Nor would he have ceased to slay had he not heard St. Luke cry out—

"Father! It was to save you that I called them in!"

"It must be so," muttered the alchemist, as he gazed around him. "If he desires my death, why does he not urge them to slay and not to spare?"

Madame St. Luke exchanged a few words with her son and left the room. Those few words she spoke were fierce, and whispered with lips white with rage—

"My son, you have saved him this time, but remember that if he live long your mother will die. I love you and life too well to permit Herbert Redburn to live more than a day longer."

Colonel St. Luke ordered his troopers to leave the room and take their bleeding comrades with them. The alchemist folded his arms over his sword and waited. He knew now that his son did not intend to treat him as an enemy, but desired him as an ally.

The troopers, muttering fierce imprecations against the alchemist, bore away their three mortally wounded comrades; for Herbert Redburn's thrusts were always aimed at life.

"Are you still unwilling to act with me?" asked St. Luke, when they were alone.

"No. I am ready to act with you, St. Luke," replied the alchemist. "It is a pity that we have not known our relationship till now. You said you knew my plans. If so, we must act, or Albert of Branchland and the others will escape."

"That is true; therefore I am ready."

"Lady Eleanor may remain where she is until to-morrow,"

said the alchemist. "The duke cannot recognise her, nor can she regain her reason for weeks, even if he knew what remedies to give. Nor is it probable that he will take much interest in one whom he believes to be simply a poor mad wretch. But we must hasten to the river farm, for old Giles Goodwin is energetic. But I must wake my tiger."

"Your tiger?" exclaimed St. Luke.

"My sleeping tiger—ah! it seems he has awaked," said the alchemist, as Captain Blood strode into the room.

"So you are up?"

"Up!" growled Blood, staring about him. "I heard drums, drums, mau, and I never heard one without waking. I am ravenously hungry and atrociously thirsty—"

"And your wound, captain?"

"Does not annoy me. I thought I was run through the lungs, but it seems the sword struck a rib and glanced. Give me something to eat and drink," replied the hungry tiger, as he glanced around him.

Perceiving Colonel St. Luke, he saluted in military style, and said—

"Colonel St. Luke, your slave as ever. I have been asleep some ten years, it seems to me—"

"Drink, and I will soon see that you are fed," interrupted the alchemist, placing a flagon of wine in his hand and hurrying to a closet.

"Colonel," whispered Captain Blood, as he eyed the wine wistfully, "do you think it is poisoned?"

"No, captain; my father needs your services, no doubt—"

"Your father? Did I understand you to mean that illegitimate brane is your father?" asked Blood, in great surprise, yet placing the mouth of the flagon to his bearded lips.

"Perhaps," said the alchemist, who heard the question, as he placed a large dish of cold roast beef, boiled ham, and bread upon the table—having procured them for Captain Blood's use before he sallied forth that morning; "perhaps it would be better for the health of Captain Blood to ask no questions, but eat and drink as fast as possible, for I have work for him this night."

"And prompt pay, I hope," replied Blood, as he began to devour rather than eat the food before him. "But let us hear what the work is."

"Such as shall put a thousand pounds in your purse, if you perform it, since that is the reward offered for the capture of Lord Albert de Vere, dead or alive."

"So much! Good! And now where is he to be found?"

While the huge trooper ate and drank, the alchemist informed him of the retreat of Lord Albert and Sir James, and no doubt of Sir Edward Dudley, and of the plan he had for their capture.

"When I appear at a designated spot," said the alchemist in conclusion, "Corporal Bimes, with a score of others, will meet me; and if I need more men I can easily rally more. With them the capture, dead or alive, of three of four men, will be speedy and certain."

It was finally decided that St. Luke should select thirty of his men, and act in the name of the Commonwealth; and, as rewards had been proclaimed for the capture of the cavaliers, dead or alive, care was to be taken that Lord Albert and Sir Edward should be slain. As for Sir James, his death was not necessary to the success of their plans.

"And the dwarf, Louis Harvey?" asked St. Luke.

"The dwarf? My mind misgives me concerning that dwarf," replied the alchemist, meditatively. "His eyes are ever before me."

"There is a strange resemblance between his face and that of Lady Eleanor," remarked St. Luke, carelessly, as he turned to leave the room and select the troopers.

"Stay!" cried the alchemist; "it is that resemblance which annoys my mind. Has the dwarf a mother?"

"Yes; a very stately, though sad-looking lady, who hates Lord Albert."

"Hates Lord Albert! How did you learn that?"

Colonel St. Luke narrated briefly what he had seen the night before, and, as he spoke of the dagger and ring as Madam Harvey had used them, the alchemist exclaimed—

"Madam Harvey is Lady Alice, the sister of Lady Eleanor. She is then still living? And the dwarf is her son, eh? I wonder who his father was. Well, let him die or live, as chance favours him. Are you ready, Captain Blood?"

"Ready? In fact, I am gorged," said Blood.

"Then come with me, and—," began St. Luke, but the alchemist interrupted him by saying, quickly—

"The captain is unarmed. Here, captain, is a sword which suits your hand, and with which I hope you will sweep Lord Albert's head from his shoulders. Here is a dagger, and here are loaded pistols."

Blood smiled grimly as he armed himself, and said—

"And the antidote, doctor?"

"You drank it in the wine, and are in no danger. But say nothing of having seen Charles Stuart, as he has escaped, and we may soon have him back in London. If we do, I will need you to share the thirty thousand pounds."

"My hand on that, doctor!" cried Blood.

"Ah, beetlehead!" thought the alchemist, as the trooper stalked after St. Luke, "it will goill with me if your hand does not help me to more than thirty thousand pounds."

His intense selfishness did not prevent him from admiring the daring cunning of Raymond St. Luke; yet this admiration would have been concentrated into hate had he not believed that the colonel was his son.

His plans demanded an alliance with his son, and with each moment increased a sentiment of pride towards him—a resolve to be a firm friend—to gain the best esteem of that son—to destroy the mother.

These things and many others flashed through the restless mind of the alchemist as he prepared to leave the Red House. Regret or remorse he had none.

St. Luke and Captain Blood having selected their men, and seen them well mounted, returned to the alchemist.

A few minutes more saw the three, at the head of the thirty horsemen, leave the Red House and spur swiftly along the streets which led them to the lower suburbs of the city.

Like the night preceding, it was one of fog and darkness, and well suited to the evil expedition upon which they had set forth.

As they rode on they were met by a force of fully a hundred well-armed and excellently-mounted men, riding rapidly.

"Ha!" said Colonel St. Luke as the torches of the foremost of these revealed their white scarfs and white plumes, "these are the guards of the Lord Protector—his chosen body troops of the palace."

"Which way, Captain Marland?" he cried aloud as the commander passed him at full gallop.

"To the palace of the Duke of Langford," was the reply.

Some obstruction occurred, and for a few moments the troopers of St. Luke and the guards of the Protector were intermingled in the narrow street.

The torches carried by the guards enabled the alchemist to recognise the powerful form and the gaudy dress of Don Voldamon, as he restrained the spirit of his horse with a steady hand, which proved that it could guide a steed as well as a ship.

"Captain Blood," whispered the alchemist, and pointing at the Spaniard, "you see that man in the gaudy dress—the stout fellow with a mass of plumes—"

"I see him, sir."

"Fifty pounds in hand if you can spit the peacock's heart, Captain Blood."

"Now?"

"Now, or hereafter. No matter, so that it be speedily done," replied the alchemist.

"Fifty pounds right easily made," said Blood, as he drew that formidable blade selected by Herbert, and spurred his horse towards the Spaniard.

"Have a care, lout!" roared Don Voldamon, as Blood urged his steed roughly against his leg. "Would you unhorse a better man than yourself?"

"Are you better than I, dog of a foreigner? Take this," retorted Blood, leaning over towards the Don, and deliberately spitting in his face.

"Oh! then you wish to die?" cried the insulted Spaniard, flashing out his sword, and sweeping it round his plumed head in those terrible circles which had made him famous on the ocean. Die, then!"

He dealt his ponderous downright blows and his sweeping sidecuts with a force and skill which he had attained in the fierce fights on the ocean, when to fail to slay was to be slain, and Captain Blood found that this Spanish peacock was not a bird easily spitted.

The combat had not lasted more than a moment, when a score of voices shouted as one—"Make way for the Lord Protector!" and a compact body of scarlet-coated cuirassiers charged down the street, forcing the combatants apart.

"What snarl is this?" cried the loud voice of Oliver Cromwell, as he rode up, surrounded by his body-guards.

"A portion of the regiment of Colonel St. Luke entangled with the guards of your Highness," replied an officer.

"St. Luke's regiment—St. Luke's? We heard that St. Luke's regiment had mustered around the house of the alchemist," said the Protector. "Clear the way, officer. We are impatient to see the Duke of Langford."

The entangled parties were soon separated, and while that of Cromwell's continued towards the palace of the Duke of Langford, St. Luke's pushed on towards the farm-house of Giles Goodwin.

(To be continued.)

BEGGARS.

THE professional beggar is a personage too well known to all dwellers in towns to need much description at our hands. The glubrious whine and the well-made-up story are to be encountered any day, and at almost any time of the day. Quiet and well-to-do neighbourhoods have a special attraction for some of these vagrants, and, doubtless, yield an ample return for the expenditure of energy which is laid out in the narration of their distressful tale. A lady, comfortably wrapped up in her velvets and furs, and conscious that after her walk, whose coldness perhaps only invigorates her, she will return to warm rooms and good food, feels the contrast between herself and the thinly-clad shivering woman, with a baby probably in her arms, to be too painful; and the impulse of pity is satisfied easily by the giving of money.

Everyone must know from hearsay, if not from actual experience, that the indiscriminate almsgiving, which relieves every street beggar or casual applicant for the charity dispensed from the house, is entirely wrong in principle, and that such a method of spending money on the poor really encourages pauperism. If the poor are allowed to feel that the mere recital of their woes, or the exhibition of themselves in distressing circumstances, will bring them instant supplies of money or food, there is an end at once to all hope of ever raising them above the mendicant condition into which they have fallen. The professional beggar, in fact, does not desire to have work. The doleful complaint of the "poor working men, who have 'got no work to do,'" which is produced for our special benefit at this time of the year, has not the slightest foundation in fact. If the vociferous complaints were offered steady work, we have not the slightest doubt that they would reject the offer with scorn. Almost everyone who cares for the poor can produce instances, either from his own experience or that of his immediate friends, of such men as the one who said he could go down thirty streets in a day, and it was a poor street indeed which did not yield him twopenny. Why, therefore, should he consent to labour hard for a daily pittance of eightpence, when he could easily make five shillings by begging? The desire for work, and readiness to take it if it could be got, are useful and common pretences for exporting charity from those who make some little inquiry before administering their alms.

There is certainly a great feeling of immediate and indolent personal gratification arising from relieving a beggar at once. The labour of firing out some particulars about the applicant, and whether anything can be done to raise him or her to the standard of respectable self-support, is too great; indeed, in large towns it is almost impossible. In villages and small towns, where everybody knows all about everybody else, the professional beggar cannot be a standing grievance; he must be merely a passing stranger from the great army of the regular tramps.

We know that people say, "But some of these cases are probably instances of real distress, and in refusing all you will have done a great injury to some." This is quite possible; but we are much inclined to think that most of the cases of real and pressing need either suffer in silence or find more legitimate means of relief than that afforded by ordinary begging. In our own personal experience we have found that the most troubling cases of distress turned out on inquiry to be only inventions a little more artfully arranged than the rest.

Nevertheless, the impulse to give when want appears before us is so universal, and the difficulty in large towns of distinguishing really necessitous persons from impostors is so great, that a very large class of professional beggars exists who will not work, but must and will extract the wherewithal to obtain food to eat from the too easy compassion of those who are better off than themselves.

It seems hard to say, but there is no doubt of the matter, that it is infinitely better not to give at all to the poor of whom we know nothing than to encourage an increasing pauperism. Indiscriminate benevolence is a thing to be entirely discouraged, as leading to evils even greater than those it attempts to relieve. To be of practical value, the giving of alms must be conducted systematically and with care.

A very remarkable instance both of the readiness with which money is raised in this country to meet cases of distress, and also of the evils to which indiscriminate and unsystematic almsgiving leads, is before us all now in the case of the distress in the East End of London. This distress, which has been caused in great measure by the great diminution of shipbuilding in London, has gone on increasing. Very large sums of money, subscribed in the first instance to meet what was considered to be only a temporary emergency, are still supplied to meet a need which threatens to become chronic. The artisan who, as long as he had any money in the savings' bank, or any piece of furniture or anything with which he could part to procure money, would not apply for relief, still has not got work, and is supported by the charity of others, instead of being helped to move to some place where he might find work. Paupers of other London districts migrate to the East End to share in the money which is distributed; and the whole of the existing state of things, both as regards the distress itself and the means employed to lessen it, could hardly be more lamentable.

We mention these matters not to persuade our readers to stint their charities, for which there is always somewhere in this densely-populated country only too much real need; but to impress upon them that in their personal almsgiving they should be discriminate, and that, in what they accomplish by the agency of others, they should make sure that the funds they supply shall be, as far as possible, economically and systematically managed.—Queen.

PUNCTUAL
PAYMENTS.

We were much struck the other day by an article in a contemporary, which treated of the inducements, in fact the necessity, that men are under occasionally to resort to the money-lender. Specially did the remark appear sensible, that an enormous amount of the difficulties against which men with limited incomes struggle, would be removed by the very simple remedy of punctual payment of their salaries or stipends.

The immense value of receiving money when it is actually due is only to be appreciated to its full extent by those persons who have known what it is to live upon an income whose every pound is carefully considered, and of which the destination of each separate shilling almost may be predicated. When people have so considerable a revenue that "a margin" is easily secured to go upon, without the sacrifice of much immediate personal convenience, it is not of much consequence whether the receipts of income take place on the very day that they are due or not. Even when the income is fluctuating, the spare money, which people tell us we should never be without, may be matter of possible arrangement. But when the revenue is small and non-elastic—as it is in a very large number of cases—then is the time when punctuality or non-punctuality of payment, as the case may be, makes life easy or miserable.

If the sum which is due on quarter-day be not forthcoming, nay, be even delayed for weeks or months, the recipient, and still more his family, are reduced to the necessity of obtaining credit, or even of running into debt. The misery that this leads to is not much alleviated by the tardy payment of the money which was fairly due. As soon as it comes the money has to be paid away again, and the constant pressure of insufficiency of supplies continues to be felt. It is all very well for people to say that such a state of things is a result of bad management. People who talk in that fashion have never known how hard it is to manage on a small income irregularly paid. The very fact that persons are not sure when they will receive the next sum due to them is in itself an additional care, and helps to make more difficult the ideal management held up before them.

We wish to urge upon our readers the extreme disadvantages to which they expose the persons dependent on them by irregularities of payment when at all preventible.

What is true with regard to the incomes of men who have limited means is still more true of those of women who work for themselves, whose incomes are always smaller, both proportionally and absolutely, than those of men, and who, therefore, stand even in greater need of receiving their payments punctually. The lady who does not realise that it would be inconvenient to her servants, her dressmaker, her laundress, &c., to wait for their money, shows herself either culpably thoughtless or entirely selfish. It is not sufficient excuse, as some ladies imagine it to be, that they have asked the people to whom the money is due whether they will wait. Under such circumstances what can a woman do but consent, however much she may want her money? She is unwilling to confess the straits to which this non-payment may possibly reduce her, knowing that to people who have plenty themselves poverty in others is an unpardonable offence.

We would urge it upon our readers that they should make punctual payment of their debts a matter of consequence, of conscience even, if we may put it so. The smaller the debts, and the meaner the station of the people to whom the money is owing, the more careful should ladies be that the payments are made regularly and punctually. It may not be of much consequence to a lady whether she pays a small bill to-day, to-morrow, or a week or a month hence, but to her poor creditor it may mean present ease if she does, and both present and future difficulties if she does not.—*Queen.*

HAIR.—Mr. Fen, chemist, Oxton-road, Birkenhead, the celebrated hairgrower, sends his noted formula, pre-paid, to any address for thirteen stamps. This formula will produce whiskers and moustache within thirty days, and is a certain remedy for baldness and scanty partings, without the slightest injury to the skin. See advertisement.—[ADVT.]

THE BLOOD, THE BLOOD.—When the blood is impure the whole body suffers. Then come indigestion, lowness of spirits, loss of flesh, nervousness, and a general feeling of discomfort. A course of "THE BLOOD PURIFIER," OLD DR. JACOB TOWNSEND'S SARSAPARILLA acts specifically on the blood, purifying it of all vitiated humours. The digestion becomes easy, the spirits buoyant, the body regains its strength, and the mind its tranquillity. Sold by all druggists. Chief Depot, 131, Fleet-street. *Caution.*—Get the red and blue wrappers with the Old Doctor's head in the centre; no other genuine.—[ADVT.]



MISS LOUISA PYNE.

MISS LOUISA PYNE.

This popular operatic vocalist is the daughter of a well-known singer, Mr. G. Pyne, and was born in 1832. She was at a very early age the pupil of Sir George Smart, and made her *debut* about the year 1842. In 1842 she sang at Paris with great success, and made her first appearance in opera in 1849. In 1851 she sang at the Royal Italian Opera, and in 1854 visited America, where she was enthusiastically received. After an absence of three years she returned to London, and was, in conjunction with Mr. Harrison joint lessee of the Lyceum, Drury Lane, and Covent Garden. She afterwards went to Her Majesty's Theatre, and is now in the provinces, where she is ever a welcome favourite.

HORSEFLESH.

The growing desire for horseflesh ought not to be overlooked by our ecclesiastical contemporaries. It is neither more nor less than a return to the pagan practices of our earliest ancestors, a relapse into the precise wickedness which cost the Christian missionaries so much trouble twelve or thirteen hundred years ago. Horseflesh was eaten in those times as meat offered to idols, and was valued accordingly, and the missionaries forbade their converts to keep up a taste for it, hoping thereby to eradicate the lust for idolatrous offerings from the hearts of the new Christians. In England, where great care was taken not to deter the pagans from Christianity by too sudden a demand for change of customs, the Penitential of Archbishop Egbert rules that "horseflesh is not prohibited," adding, however, as a hint to all respectable persons, "though many families will not buy it." A Council held in the year 785 under the presidency of Gregory, Bishop of Ostia, decreed as follows:—"Many among you eat horses, which is not done by any Christians in the East. Avoid this." With strict missionaries eating horseflesh was classed with idol worship and the exposure of infants, as three things which a heathen man must renounce when he became a Christian. In the 'Njal's Saga, Thorkei Foulmouth is reduced to silence, and forced for the first time in his life to sit down and sheathe his sword without blood, under the charge of having eaten this forbidden food. "It were as well," said to him Skarphedinn, of the blue kirtle and the grey breeks, "it were as well if thou pickdest out from thy teeth that steak of mare's rump which thou atest ere thou rodest to the Thing, while thy shepherd looked on all the while and wondered that thou couldst work such filthiness!" Surely our friend the *Record* should testify on this subject. There can be little doubt that the idolatrous practices of the Ritualists are telling upon the nation, and are rapidly reducing us once more into a race of horse-eating pagans.

THE UNIVERSITY
BOAT-RACE.

ALTHOUGH the president of the Cambridge University Boat Club last autumn called out, according to custom, the pair of "trial eights" from which the crew is usually selected for the race with the rival university at Putney, Cambridge has given no other indication of seriously renewing the contest, and there are now rumours that after all no challenge will be issued. We hope there is no truth in this report. Although so often defeated in this competition, nobody can say that the Cambridge men have, in any sense, been disgraced. They had the better crew for three miles in 1865, for three and a half in 1866, and were only half a length "to the bad" last year. A marked and growing improvement is visible in their performances, and there is every encouragement for the future. It is, no doubt, a misfortune that one of the best and most experienced oarsmen available for the Putney crew is disabled by ill health, and has been forbidden by the doctors to row again. But there is no reason to despair of supplying his place, and the trial eights at Ely, though rough enough, no doubt, were not deficient in the materials of a good crew, and there is still sufficient time for careful training and practice. That the shallow and sluggish waters of the Cam place the Cantabs at a disadvantage in competing on the Thames with Oxonians whose stream is more akin in character to that upon which the race has to be rowed, can hardly be disputed. It is certainly true that the successes of Cambridge were achieved in the days of heavy boats, and that since keelless eights and New-castle oars came into fashion fortune has gone persistently against them. The significance of this coincidence cannot be ignored. That sharp "catch," which is essential in the case of the present style of light boats is quite out of place on shallow water, and when the Cambridge men transfer their boat from the Cam to the Thames they are put out by finding that it is only half the weight to which they were accustomed. For these reasons it is now suggested that the scene of the annual race should be removed to the reaches of Ely; and of course even this would be better than abandoning the traditional competition, which we hope in some way or other will yet be arranged.

In any case the year will not close without a university boat race, for the students of Harvard College (Boston), United States, stimulated no doubt by the successes of the Canadian four at Paris in

July last, have intimated their wish to send a challenge to Oxford to come to England for the purpose, and select September as the date of contest, the earliest period at which they can arrive after vacation, with due rest and practice after landing. They stipulate for a "three mile course," which can be easily found, and "straight," which will be an impossibility in England. They also claim the right of using or dispensing with the services of a coxswain, at pleasure. The latter condition will cause, no doubt, some variation in the tactics of the English rowers, but surely what the Americans can do our amateurs can do also. Novel though the system of steering by the bow oar may be at first, it can be as easily learnt by men used, as so many of our University oarsmen are, to sculling-boat and pair-oar practice, without the aid of a steerer, as by the undergraduates of Harvard, who without the aid of early school rowing, and experience such as Eton, Radley, and Westminster offer to a large proportion of our University rowers, cannot have been upon the river for more than two years apiece on an average. The time of the proposed race is awkward, but if the Americans cross the ocean to us, we must not grudge some concession on our side. The challenge ought certainly to be received in a conciliatory spirit on this side of the Atlantic.

In consequence of the Reduction in Duty, Horniman's Teas are now supplied by the Agents, Eightpence per lb. cheaper. Every genuine packet is signed "Horniman and Co."—[ADVT.]

AN ELEGANT COUGH REMEDY.—In our variable climate during the winter months coughs and colds appear the greatest enemies to mankind, and we are pleased to be able to draw the attention of sufferers to "Strange's Celebrated Balsam of Honey," which as a cough remedy, stands unrivalled. Honey, in the form of a Balsamic preparation, is strongly recommended by the Faculty of our medical works, and by Dr. Pereira (late lecturer on medicine to the hospitals).—See *Materia Medica*, vol. ii. page 1864. It will relieve the most irritating cough in a few minutes, and by its mildly stimulating action, gently discharges phlegm from the chest by easy expectoration, and restores the healthy action of the lungs. The amount of suffering at this time of the year is incalculable, and numbers, from the want of an effectual remedy at a low cost, have the germs of consumption laid. Sold by most chemists at 1s. 1d. per bottle, large size 2s. 3d. Prepared by P. Strange, operative chemist, 260, East street, Walworth. Agents: Messrs. Barclay, Farringdon-street; Newberry, St. Paul's; J. Sanger, 50, Oxford-street; and Butler and Crispe, Cheapside.—[ADVT.]

MR. CHARLES DICKENS.

A STORY is current in society to the effect that just before Mr. Dickens started in last November for the United States, an American friend advised him to purchase, and always to wear at his readings, some very startling piece of jewellery, say a gold cable for a watchguard, or some enormous diamond studs. "For," said he, "the New York reporters are sure to describe your personal appearance, and it's as well to give them something to lay hold of." The system of giving detailed personal descriptions not merely of those known as "public characters," but of private persons as they appear in private society, is commonly pursued by the American press, but the most flagrant offender in this respect, the *Home Journal*, has at length roused the ire of the *Round Table*. In the last number of that journal we find the following protest:—"The journal in question has set up, we believe, the ridiculous defence that similar practices are tolerated in reputable newspapers abroad, that it is the 'court journal' of America, and so on. The position is untenable for a number of obvious reasons, among which the fact that the method of treatment is radically different. It is true that some of the London papers describe the dresses worn by ladies of rank upon state and other important occasions; but they never by any chance allow themselves, or for a day would be allowed, the impudent familiarity of publishing commendatory or flattering notices of the persons of the ladies themselves. We never read in their columns that the sweetly-fascinating Miss Jones wore a blue moire with point lace and pearls, or that the voluptuous-looking Miss Jenkins (whose respected parent did such a heavy thing in pork last year) was quite ravishing in purple velvet and diamonds. Stuff like this has for some time disgraced more than one of our papers; and it is high time it were reformed, put down either by ridicule or something less gentle."

WHO IS TO BLAME?

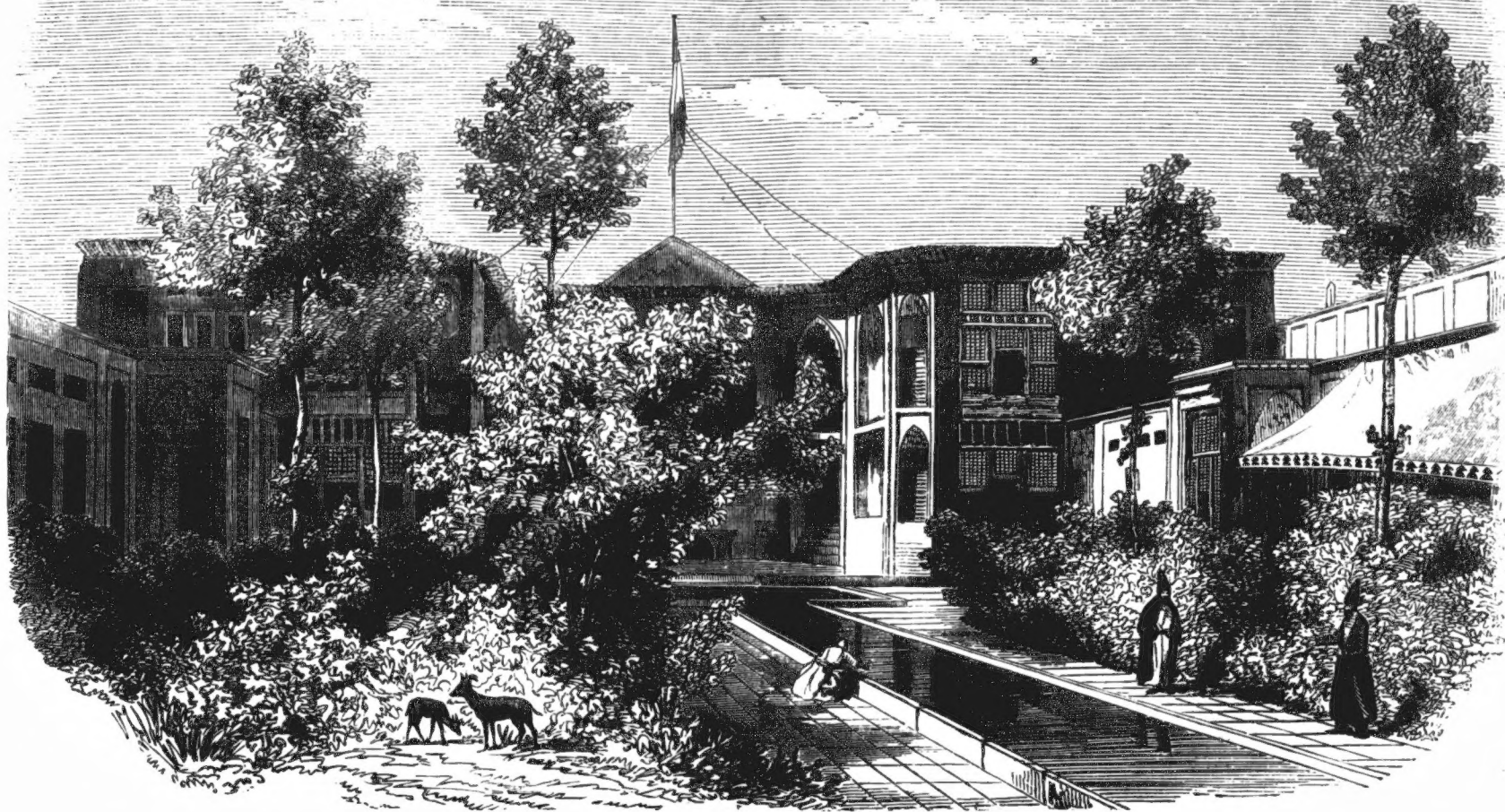
It is a pity that the House of Commons is not sitting just now, in order that Sir J. Pakington might have an opportunity of exhibiting his singular powers of "explanation" in regard to the occurrence described in the following letter:—"On Saturday, the 18th ult., a S.W. gale raged in the Channel, with a heavy rainfall. Here was an opportunity for the authorities of Portsmouth to display that regard for the comfort and well-being of the soldier for which they are so well known. They did not neglect it. In the midst of this tempest they sent by sea to the Royal Victoria Hospital, Netley, 200 invalids, most of them just arrived from India and Malta, with a proportion of women and children. The disembarkation of this forlorn party at Netley occupied exactly three hours, the men being meanwhile exposed to the pelting of the storm, and when at last they were housed they were wet, cold, and miserable, and, unless we are misinformed, some of them have had their complaints aggravated by this cruel and unnecessary exposure. Now, who did this? Who is responsible for it? The public have surely some right to expect an answer to such questions, not, however, of the usual Pakingtonian type. Meanwhile, the general commanding at Portsmouth, his quartermaster-general, and the naval authorities of that port, must divide between them the discredit of this want of consideration for sick men and helpless women and children."

PALACE AT ISPAHAN.

ENCLOSED by orchards and plantations, and situated on a fine plain on the Zendarood, where that river is crossed by several noble bridges, Isfahan is still a populous and important city. It was formerly the capital of Persia, and, in the seventeenth cen-

A LADY'S "FIRST FAULT."

THERE is a touching simplicity in the circumstances which resulted in a decree nisi with costs, in the case of Moss v. Moss and Bushman in the Court of Divorce. Mr. and Mrs. Moss were married in August, 1861, and lived happily together in Brompton until 1866. But on the 13th of October in that year Mr. Moss had occasion to visit Manchester, and his wife affectionately accompanied him to the Euston-square station to see him off. Just as the train started Mr. Moss was subjected to the agony of seeing Mrs. Moss contemplating with more earnestness than was agreeable to him a soldierlike-looking gentleman on the platform with whom he was unacquainted. When Mr. Moss returned from Manchester Mrs. Moss in her turn proposed to pay a visit to a cousin who resided near Sudbury, in Suffolk, and Mr. Moss affectionately accompanied her to the Shoreditch station to see her off, when he was again disturbed by the sight of the same soldierlike-looking gentleman attempting to enter the carriage in which he had placed his wife. Mrs. Moss, however, frowned and shook her head, and the soldierlike-looking man entered another carriage in the train. The husband's suspicions being not unnaturally roused by these coincidences, he repaired to Scotland-yard, and invoked Detective Whycher, through whose instrumentality Mrs. Moss's frailty was placed beyond doubt, that lady and the soldierlike-gentleman, one Captain Bushman, having taken up their abode as man and wife at the Red Lion at Colchester. Mrs. Moss ingeniously pleaded "first fault," and the gallant Captain observed, "Here's a pretty go; just like my luck!" when they were discovered at the Red Lion by the petitioner and his father, accompanied by the father of the frail Mrs. Moss.



A PALACE IN ISPAHAN, PERSIA.

It would seem, moreover, that the leading characteristics of the cheap press of Paris, such as *Le Petit Journal pour Rire, La Guepe, L'Image, Paris Caprice*, &c., are being imitated in the American journals, which have hitherto been as free from them as our own. And yet our own journals are by no means improving in this respect. There are, indeed, many signs that they are deteriorating.

A SCULPTOR'S CLAIM.

AN odd case is now before the French Council of State for arbitration. It seems that M. Maindron a well-known French sculptor, had, after submitting designs, which had been duly approved, received a commission to execute a group of sculpture in honour of some lately deceased general, a native of the department of the Jura. The mayor of the town, as representing the committee, gave the order, and the group, consisting of a statue of the general with some allegorical figures, was duly executed and forwarded to its destination, where it was "inaugurated" in the chief square of the town with all the pomp usual on an occasion of the kind. When, however, the time arrived for payment the mayor wrote to the sculptor, offering him 22,000 francs in lieu of 30,000 francs, the amount which had been agreed upon. The pretext for this reduction was not that the finished work fell in any degree short of the model, but on the plea that the aggregate weight of the group was less than that contracted for. The sculptor had, in fact, taken so much pains with the work that he had finished off even those parts which, being comparatively out of sight, are usually left in a rough state. In the eyes of his patrons he had chiselled away no less than 8,000 francs worth of stone unnecessarily.

JUST OUT, STEAM ENGINES (Patent), price 1s. 6d. each, of horizontal construction, manufactured entirely of metal fitted with copper boiler, steam pipe, furnace, &c., complete. Will work for hours if supplied with water and fuel. Sent carriage free, safely packed in wooden case, for 24 stamps.—TAYLOR BROTHERS, 21, Norfolk-road, Essex-road, Islington, London. Established 1859.—[ADVT.]

tury, one of the wealthiest cities in Asia. But during the Afghan invasion, its walls were destroyed, and the city itself reduced to a state of desolation, in which much of the site remains.

The principal remaining edifices are the great bazaar of Shah Abbas, numerous magnificent buildings, around an open space called "the Maiden," upwards of a hundred mosques, and various fine palaces scattered throughout the city, the most remarkable being "the palace of the forty pillars," the residence of the later Sovereigns.

Our illustration represents the garden view of a palace at Isfahan. The residences in Persia are generally composed of two main buildings, connected by a hall looking out to a garden planted with cypresses, the choicest flowers and shrubs, and in the centre of which is a pool of water. The reception room is elaborately painted and gilded; the ceiling, which is supported by carved pillars, is painted in fresco, and the walls are hung round with portraits and pictures of battles and hunting scenes; and in the centre of the room is a basin or pool of water surrounded with flowers. The furniture, which is simple, consists of a handsome carpet; and at each end a raised platform or bench, covered with felt, on which are placed numerous cushions. That part of the house which is occupied by the female part of the family is kept very private; only near relations are admitted. The doors are constantly locked, and the windows are strongly barred, so that it is impossible to hold any communication with the outer world.

A FACT in connection with the Russian Court is worth mentioning. The leather exhibited here exemplifies by its important qualities the great value of the well-kept secret of the tanning process for which Russia has so long been famous. Its softness, its durability, its peculiar and pleasant odour, and its imperviousness to wet, recommend this leather for every description of boot. To cover our poor feet, after all there is nothing like leather, and there is no leather like Russian. The fact alluded to is this—that the whole of the best samples in the department have been secured by an Englishman, Mr. S. W. NORMAN, of Westminster-bridge-road, Lambeth.—*The Cosmopolitan*.—[ADVT.]

HISTORICUS'S MODESTY.

THE modest admission of his own fallibility and the Divine omniscience which "Historicus" makes in one of his recent letters when he exclaims, "I may have been mistaken—God knows it is likely enough!" reminds us of a similar display of diffidence by Mr. Erskine, as reported by a humourist in the *Anti-Jacobin* of December 4, 1797. Mr. Erskine had been speaking at a meeting of the Friends of Freedom; whereat—

He professed himself to be highly flattered by the encomiums which had been lavished upon him; at the same time he was conscious that he could not, without some degree of reserve, consent to arrogate to himself those qualities which the partiality of his friends had attributed to him. He had on former occasions declared himself to be clothed with the infirmities of man's nature; and he now begged leave, in all humility, to reiterate that confession. He should never cease to consider himself as a feeble, and with respect to the extent of his faculties in many respects, a finite being. He had ever borne in mind, and he hoped he should ever continue to bear in mind, those words of the inspired penman, "Thou hast made him less than the angels, to crown him with glory and honour." These lines were indeed applicable to the state of man in general, but of no man more than himself; they appeared to him pointed and personal, and little less than prophetic. They were always present to his mind; he could wish to wear them in his breast as a sort of amulet against the enchantment of public applause and the witcheries of vanity and self-delusion.—*Fall Mail Gazette*

ORDINARY LUCIFER MATCHES.—The Secretary of the Sun Fire Insurance Office stated to the Commons' Select Committee on Fires of last session, that he considers that carelessness in using ordinary lucifer matches causes to that office a loss of £10,000 a year. Surely statements of this kind should induce everyone to use only BRYANT & MAY'S Patent Safety Matches, which are not poisonous, and light only on the box. These Safety Matches are very generally sold by Grocers, Oilmen, &c.

LAW AND POLICE.

DISTURBANCE AT A RAGGED SCHOOL.—Two Irish lads, named Patmore and Collins, were placed at the bar before Mr. Burcham, charged with being concerned with two others not in custody in creating a disturbance at the New Cut Ragged School, and wilfully damaging the stairs.—It appeared from the evidence of Mr. Richard Simmonds, the schoolmaster, that the school was established some time ago by Mr. Edmund Groves, and other gentlemen, for the purpose of giving a free education to the very poor and houseless boys in the vicinity of the New Cut, and that there were about 130 who regularly attended. These were a number of vicious lads who had been received in the schools, but not conforming to the rules they had left, and for some time past had been a great source of annoyance to him, and the well conducted scholars. Between three and four in the afternoon he heard a fearful noise on the stairs of a number of persons jumping and dancing, and shouting to such a degree that he was compelled to suspend the business of the school, and on going to see what was the matter he saw the prisoners and two others rush out. Witnesses pursued them and saw the prisoners taken into custody. When they were brought back to the school he discovered that one of the railings of the staircase had been cut so that had any weight been put on it, it must have given way, and somebody might have been injured.—Mr. Burcham asked if he knew the prisoners.—Witness replied that he only knew them as annoying the scholars in the school. He did not think they ever belonged to the school.—Edward Newton, 76 M, said he saw the prisoners and several other young vagabonds rush out of the entrance of the school, shouting and swearing. He caught hold of the prisoners and took them back, when Mr. Simmonds gave them into custody.—In answer to the charge, the prisoners said they were pushed into the passage by some other boys, and were running away when the constable caught them. If his worship let them go this time they would never go there again.—Mr. Burcham told them that they were very bad boys, who would not go to school themselves, and tried to prevent others from going there. If they came before him again he would punish them with great severity.—They were then given up to their parents.

LIABILITIES AND GRIEVANCES OF JURYMEN.—Upon the case of "Kein v. Hartwell" being called on, it appeared that there were only ten of the twenty-four special jurymen who had been summoned in attendance, and the counsel declined to pray a tale.—The Lord Chief Justice said that it happened in this case, which he saw was an action of libel against a newspaper, that the trial had been postponed on a previous occasion, in consequence of the non attendance of jurors, and the parties had thus been put to a great deal of unnecessary expense. On the present occasion, therefore, the absent jurors would be fined £10 each. At the instance of his lordship, attempts were made to settle the matter, but they did not succeed, and the trial was again postponed.—In another case a jurymen complained that he had been summoned at ten o'clock at night to appear in court at ten in the morning, and, when he arrived there, he found that the cause had been withdrawn. It was especially inconvenient to him to come on Saturday, and yet if he had not come he would probably have been fined.—The Lord Chief Justice said that it was a matter in which he had no power to interfere, but he had heard from Mr. Erle, the associate, that this particular subject had been brought under the consideration of the parliamentary committee which had been appointed in reference to the jury system, and it was probable, therefore, that some rule would be laid down. He added that he should not fine any jurymen who had received so short a notice.

ASSAULT ON A BILLET DANCER.—John Trigg, a middle-aged man, residing at No. 42 Whitcomb-street, Leicester-square, appeared before Mr. Tyrwhitt, to answer the complaint of Lydia Milton, a young woman, engaged in the ballet at the Lyceum Theatre.—The complainant said that she resided in the same house as the defendant, and on Monday week, after the defendant's wife had abused her, the defendant came upstairs and also abused her, and called her a most offensive name, following that up by striking her in the face. She told the defendant that if he struck her again, she would take out a summons against him, when he knocked her down on the stairs, and bumped her head against them, the effect of his violence being that her ear was so much injured that she had not been able to hear since.—Hannah Thorpe, a lodger in the same house, proved seeing the defendant knock the complainant down on the stairs, and strike her three times.—The defendant denied assaulting the complainant, and accused her of coming home at four o'clock in the morning, accompanied by gentlemen.—The complainant denied the truth of the defendant's statement, and said that she was in the habit of reaching home by half-past twelve o'clock at night, and was not able to do so before in consequence of being engaged in the ballet at the Lyceum Theatre.—The defendant said he was the deputy landlord, and the landlord had given the complainant notice to leave the house.—The complainant said that was not true.—Mr. Tyrwhitt said the case had been proved by the complainant to his satisfaction, and he had no doubt whatever that the defendant had assaulted the complainant as she stated. He should fine the defendant £3 and costs, and he thought the sooner landlords got rid of such deputies as the defendant the better.

FENIANISM AND SINGING SEDITIOUS SONGS.—John Henry Sullivan, a powerful young man, a street ballad singer, was charged on remand with causing an obstruction by singing seditious songs. It will be remembered that the prisoner, on a Saturday night, was singing songs of a Fenian character in Leather-lane, Holborn, that the songs that he sang were different to those which he sold, and when he saw a constable in uniform he would keep to the words of the printed song, which, although seditious, contained nothing of Fenianism, and was in effect a doggerel eulogium of a most wretched character. He had caused a crowd of from 200 to 300 persons to assemble, and the obstruction continued until Detective Police-sergeant Phillips, 10 G came up, listened attentively to the song, bought one, and then took the prisoner into custody. On that occasion the prisoner was remanded for a week, in order to ascertain if anything was known of him, and when again brought up he earnestly pleaded for mercy, on account of his wife and three children, who would starve if the magistrate sent him to prison. Mr. Cooke took a lenient view of the case, and said as the prisoner was not known to the police, and had already experienced a week's imprisonment, he hoped that would be a sufficient caution to him, and he should now discharge him.

ASSAULT ON THE POLICE.—The charge against certain pugilists for an assault on the police and attempting to draw an inspector who went on board a steamer en route to try and prevent a prize-fight about to come off in Long Reach, was brought to a close at the Thames Police-court. The hearing lasted five hours, and the Court was crowded with "the Fanny." In defence, it was alleged that Inspector Taylor had grossly exaggerated the case and the magistrate appeared to think that this was partly true. Two of the leading pugilists were fined, the one 20s, and the other 30s.

THE FENIANS.—The protracted examination of the prisoners charged with wilful murder arising out of the Fenian explosion at Clerkenwell may be said to be brought to a conclusion. Mr. Odling, professor of chemistry at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, gave evidence as to the residua found upon some of the staves of the exploded barrel, from which it appears certain that the material used was gunpowder, the cork having been previously used for storing petroleum or paraffin oil. Sir Thomas Henry said he should commit all the prisoners for trial on the capital offence, except Mullany, who, is to be committed for treason-felony.

DETERMINED ATTEMPT AT MURDER NEAR THE CLERKENWELL HOUSE OF DETENTION.

The neighbourhood of Clerkenwell, and particularly that in close proximity to the House of Detention, was thrown into a state of great excitement on Wednesday morning. It appears that at about a quarter past nine o'clock as a very respectable-looking man, who, it appears, could just give the name of Charrington, was passing between Northampton-street and Compton-street, within a short distance of the House of Detention, he was, without the slightest warning, fired at by someone who suddenly made his appearance, and the bullet entered the right side of his neck, just below the ear. The unfortunate gentleman did not immediately fall to the ground, and before any one could approach him to render assistance, and there were several persons near at the time, three other shots were fired in rapid succession from the same deadly instrument, but fortunately missed the man for whom they were intended, and did not take effect. As may be supposed, the utmost excitement prevailed, and some hesitation was felt in encountering a man who was armed with such a deadly weapon as a revolver, which he still held in his hand, and of which, as was afterwards discovered, three chambers remained undischarged. A man named Robert Bass, living at Seward Cottages, Seward-street, St. Luke's, however, more courageous than the rest, went up to the attempted murderer, seized him by the collar with one hand, and the revolver with the other, and firmly grasped and held him until such time as William Knight, police-constable 214 G, came up, and took the man into custody. The would-be assassin up to Christmas last was an extra clerk in the employ of Messrs. Laurie and Keen, solicitors, and, though capable of doing his work, was always labouring under the delusion that some one was following him about. He has since been out of employment. He lodged in New-street-square, and brought the pistol home about a fortnight since. From his appearance at the station there is but little doubt that he is insane.

COURT OF DIVORCE.

A THEATRICAL DIVORCE CASE.—VINING V. VINING.—This was the wife's petition for a dissolution of marriage on the ground of her husband's desertion and adultery.—The pleas of the husband were that he had not legally deserted his wife, and that as regarded the adultery, it had been committed with her cognisance. The respondent is Mr. George Vining, the manager of the Princess's Theatre, and he married the petitioner in 1850. Mr. Vining was not at that time connected with the theatrical profession. He had originally intended to enter the Church, but ultimately became an actor. Mrs. Vining at the time of her marriage was very young, and she had known Mr. Vining almost from the time that she had been a child. She had £1,000 invested in the funds, and a policy of £1,000 on her father's life—which was settled on her, with a life interest, in case of her death, to her husband. After the marriage they lived at Manchester, Brighton, and ultimately London. Unfortunately, about 1859, circumstances occurred which to a certain extent estranged the feelings of the petitioner from her husband; and as the result a deed of separation was drawn up and executed between them. Under this deed Mr. Vining covenanted to allow his wife £100 a year for five years, and afterwards £50 a year. At that time Mr. Vining's position in the world was not so high as it is at present, and he sold his interest in the policy of his wife's father for £500. This sum went in payment of the first five years of the allowance which he had agreed to make his wife. The first instalment of the £50 allowance was due in September, 1865, and as it was not paid, this petition was filed in November of that year.—Mr. Huddleston, Q.C., said that he was afraid the existence of this deed would negative the plea of desertion, for as Mr. Vining had paid £500 under it, it was still in force, and he could not therefore be said to have legally deserted his wife.—His Lordship said there was no doubt that the deed was still in force, and it had not been made void by the fact that the husband neglected to pay the first instalment of the £50 allowance. He had, however, paid the previous five years' allowance of £100 a year, and Mrs. Vining had received the benefit of that money. Therefore, there had been no legal desertion. In fact, the deed itself set forth that they "mutually agree to separate." Of course, if Mr. Vining neglected to pay the money which he had covenanted, he could be sued. The wife's plea of wilful desertion could not be substantiated.—Mr. Huddleston said he had felt this difficulty from the first, and therefore had mentioned it before going into the other details of the case. The wife's petition was then dismissed.

THE CAUSE OF THE EAST-END DISTRESS.

It is very natural that since there is so much misery and destitution at the East-end of London, the first impulse of benevolent people should be to offer relief. Justice and charity must not, however, be divorced. Poplar is not the only part of the metropolis where there is severe distress just now, and it is necessary to examine the claims of the East-end for relief in order to ascertain, first, whether it is not absorbing funds which are more needed elsewhere; and, next, whether the lavish charity which is now being expended there is wisely applied and with beneficial results. The report of the workmen's meeting on Saturday raises doubts on both these points. It is perfectly clear that the collapse of the shipbuilding trade, which has produced the present destitution in the Isle of Dogs, is very much a local affair, and due for the most part to local causes. While the yards of Poplar and Limehouse are nearly all closed, and thousands of shipwrights and artisans are appealing to charity to save them from starvation, there is work for them to do, if they would only take it. That there is no decline in the demand for ships is conclusively proved by the fact that, at this moment, there are 115,124 tons of iron-shipping being built in the Clyde, while last year, at the same period, the amount was only 82,000 tons. In the *Times* there is a list of new contracts taken by the shipbuilders of the Clyde, and one firm, Messrs. Robertson and Co., has no less than six vessels on hand. That the Thames is shut out from a share of this work is due to the perversity of the London shipwrights, who will not take less than 6s. 6d., while their Scotch brethren are quite content with 4s. 6d. It is of course absurd to suppose that if a man wants a ship he will pay for it at the Thames rate when he can get it built quite as well in the Clyde for nearly a third less. But the workmen of the Isle of Dogs have their own notions of class dignity and self-respect, and rather than share their charges prefer to live on public charity—on charity drawn, as far as the rates are concerned, from people who, in the main, are no better off than those workmen would themselves be if in receipt of wages, and who suffer by their voluntary idleness. A few weeks ago a gentleman offered to give £1 a ton more than the Glasgow rate for building a ship of 500 tons, and could not get the order accepted in the Isle of Dogs. At the meeting on Saturday another offer was made to lay down two iron ships of 1,000 tons each, if the men would take anything like the Scotch prices, and it was only after some persuasion that the workmen ungraciously agreed even to think over the proposal. They seem to have made up their minds that every shipwright is by divine decree entitled to 7s. a day, and that society is bound to maintain them by rates or alms as long as capitalists refuse to meet their demands. Any argument to show that a certain standard of wages cannot be maintained on the Thames regardless of the standard in other parts of the country is at once booted down as a heartless attempt to "squash the industrious labourer."

James Hughes, who was stabbed by his brother-in-law, William Marsh Allen, a seaman, on Christmas-day, expired at the South Devon and East Cornwall Hospital on Thursday.

FUN OF THE WEEK.

PUNCH.

A CLERICAL ERROR.—A meeting of eminent mercantile gentlemen was held the other day at Liverpool for the promotion of commercial credit and morality. From thousands of British pulpits every Sunday denunciations, as the "Pall Mall Gazette" observes, are launched at the typical "moral man." We can only wish that he were anything like so common a character as the parsons complain.

PAYING OUR WAY IN ABYSSINIA.—The Abyssinia Expedition forms a case wherein the usual relation between invaders and invaded, the latter being the weaker, are reversed. The Abyssinians will sell us nothing for any sum under a dollar. They thus stick it into us instead of our sticking it into them, and it is we and not they who are plundered. These things are managed contrarily in countries invaded by France.

SUBTERRANEAN SPELLING.—We heartily approve of the teaching bestowed upon the men employed on the Underground Railway, but are not quite so certain about the accuracy of the Directors' spelling. At a dinner the other day, the employés were told to remember the three S's,—Signals, Safety, Sivility. But the intention was good.

THE LAST.—If a tall man held a most responsible situation in a Bank, why would his description, given by a Scotchman, be the name of an English County? Because the Scotchman would describe him as "Lang-cashier."

A RIDDLE FROM ABYSSINIA.—What is the difference between the Wagsum Gobazie and Mr. Punch? The former is the "Prince of Wag," the latter the Prince of Wags.

DEFINITION.—The Mansion House—A Mayor's Nest.

A POOR RELATION.—Telling an anecdote badly.

FUN.

A "SCREW LOOSE."—A vacant situation.

THE SONG OF THE JAVA SPARROW.—"Oh, I doat on the milletary!"

LIGHT DIET.—The Feast of Lanterns.

DROP IT!—The *Rock* ahead should have been dedicated to the members of the Gun Club.

A NIBBLE.—A vegetarian acquaintance of ours carries out his principles so thoroughly that he indites the whole of his correspondence—with Cocoa "Nibbs."

IT'S ALL VERY FINE.—Of all tradesmen, grocers are perhaps least distinguished for elegance of language—they commonly term even their "refined" sugar "lump."

A SLIGHT SLIP.—If "seeing double" is any criterion, coursing men must be very great tipplers, as they certainly see more "doubles" than any other class.

ONE FOR THE W. O.—By order of the War Office, the soldiers, who were sent down to Manchester at the late execution, were supplied with Snider rifles—and Enfield cartridges, with which they could not load. Suppose some M.P. proposes that the official, to whom this blunder is due, be paid his salary by a cheque on a bank where Government has no effects!

JUDY.

THE HAVELOCK RIFLES.—The celebrated artist who is colonel of this corps is an enthusiastic teetotaler. He seems, however, though setting his face—not his lips—against most fermented drinks, to have introduced amongst those under his command a most unquestionable "spirit of discord."

TO PARISH CLERKS AND OTHERS.—Wanted, the registry of marriage between "Father-Land" and "Mother-Country!"

CHANGE OF NAME.—The Bishop of Capetown is for the future to be called Dr. "Will-By-Force!"

CLENICAL.—The candle question in the Church is waxing very serious!

A VERY soft impeachment.—President Johnson's.

TO what would a man, taking breakfast with his betrothed, be most likely to object?—To take any butter (but her).

PHILOSOPHICAL.—What is the latest and most extraordinary example of "hero worship?"—Making Mr. Carlyle a J. P.

THE swindler's early morning aspiration.—Let us be up, and doing.

The best thing to do when a Sovereign remedy fails.—Try a Guinea one.

SPIRITUAL GRACES.—Archbishops.

HORSE-FLIES AND FRAMINGOS.—Master of the House: "Pon my life, it's too bad! This is the second time cook's forgotten to take the shoes off. I'll discharge her this very night, &c., &c. Elderly Gentleman (affected): "You haven't got such a thing as a tumbler of pale brandy in the room, have you?"

HE'S A LUNATIC.—A correspondent wishes to know the name of the "Barred" who wrote the "Prisoner of Chillon!"

MOTTO FOR DR. GRAY.—By hook or by crook!

HAKED LINES.—Railway lines.

MULTIPLYING WRONGS.—First Old Boy (reading): "The wife of an Irish Labourer presented him with three children at a birth." What d'ye think of that, sir?—Second Old Boy: Shameful, sir, shameful. Fenianism in its very worst form.

THE DRAGON TREE.—The giant specimen of the *Dracena Draco*, or Dragon tree, growing at Orotava, in the Island of Teneriffe, was destroyed during the autumn of 1867 by a gale of wind. It was first brought into general notice by Humboldt some sixty years ago, and was computed by him to be 6,000 years old. It had, however, been previously noticed in 1795 by Sir George Staunton, and in 1771 by T. C. Borda, a Frenchman, whose drawing of the monstrous tree was subsequently published by Humboldt. In July, 1819, a storm deprived it of part of its crown and a large and good English engraving of it was published after its mutilation. Webb, in his splendid work on the Natural History of the Canaries, describes it and gives its measurements, and it has since afforded a theme for the pen of almost every traveller who has visited Orotava. Its destruction during the gale of last autumn was complete.

COAL IN CHINA.—A discussion of an interesting character has taken place among the English residents at Hong-Kong with reference to the existence of coal in China. It is said to be available in enormous quantities, although it is unworked. Should these statements be verified they are likely to exert a very important influence, not only on the Celestial Empire itself, but also English and French commerce in the Eastern seas and ports. During the operations of the English gunboats in the Chinese waters some seven years since, the coal which they consumed cost £8 per ton, having been carried thither in transports. Even now the Great Indian Peninsular Railway Company is paying nearly £3 per ton for the coal used upon its lines, for although coal exists in British India its quality is not very good. Whether the Chinese coal is better than the Indian remains to be proved.

THE NEW MASTER OF LAMBETH WORKHOUSE.—It will be recollected that a short time since the disclosure of very grave abuses in the Lambeth workhouse led to the "resignation" of the master. According to the *Daily News*, the guardians have just elected as his successor a man who less than two years ago was suspended for misconduct from the office of master of Newington workhouse, which he then held, and was called finally upon to resign, and who next obtaining an appointment to a small country workhouse, was dismissed before he could enter upon his duties on the guardians learning the circumstances under which he lost his situation at Newington. Was this man elected by the Lambeth guardians in ignorance of these facts, and has the Poor Law Board no jurisdiction in the matter?

RIVAL CAT'S MEAT MEN.

Frederick Wright, a young tradesman carrying on business at No. 1, Baldwin's-gardens, in the cat's meat, ox-cheek, sheep's head, and bullock's-liver line, appeared to two summonses taken out against him by Benjamin Biggins, a vendor of cat's meat, &c., at Beauchamp-street, Leather-lane. The first summons was for wilfully destroying a sign-board, value 8s., and the second one for an assault.

The complainant said he was attending to his business on the 25th of January last, when the defendant came and asked him what he meant by putting up such a board as that, and taking his customers away. He then struck him (complainant), and tore the board down and jumped upon it; he also injured some piping.

Mr. Wakeling—You are in the tripe line, I believe?

Complainant (with dignity).—No, Sir; I am in the sheep's head and ox-cheek line (laughter). Do you ever speculate in cats' provisions?—I deal in cats' meat.

Did you not formerly keep the same shop which the defendant now keeps?—I did.

And did you not sell it to him for £20, and sign an agreement that you would not set up in business within a mile of him?—I did sell him the business for £20, which he paid me; but I signed no agreement.

Did you not take this man's money, and then come and set up in opposition to him?—I did take the £20, and I set up in business in my present place, but not in opposition to him.

Mr. Wakeling.—Will you read what is on the injured sign-board?

The Complainant then read the board, which contained his name and the following in large letters:—Removed from No. 1, Baldwin's-gardens. Established 13 years. Superior ox-cheek and baked sheep's heads still sold.

Mr. Wakeling.—This is, I believe, not the first business you have sold in that locality, and then immediately afterwards set up an opposition, is it?

Complainant: No.

Did you not sell a business to Mr. Reading, and set up near him directly afterwards?—I did.

Do you call that honest?—I must get a living.

On further cross-examination the question became so embarrassing, as to the sale of his business, &c., that he declined to answer, and Mr. Wakeling said he would press him no further.

Mr. Wakeling said to save time he would not dispute the facts, but go upon the provocation, which was extreme, the complainant making a practice of disposing of his businesses and then setting up in the same line and locality directly afterwards.

Mr. Cooke said that if any such agreement had been made the complainant's conduct was a fraud, or at least a breach of the agreement, and damages might be recovered from him in the county court; but the defendant had no right to proceed in the way he had done, and he should fine him 1s. and 8s. damages, and dismiss the summons for the assault.

THE RIGHTS OF LABOUR.

MR. ROEBUCK, under the guise of an address on the rights and duties of labour and capital, has denounced with his usual vehemence the terrorism exercised by the Sheffield trade unionists. Remarking that in China the supply of labour was kept down by infanticide, and in France by late marriage, the hon. member said the same object was sought to be attained in England by the trade unions, and in his opinion the means they resorted to were not the least cruel of those employed for the object. This provoking a burst of indignation among the audience, Mr. Roebuck declared that he would not flinch from maintaining it, and told the following story as an illustration:—"The thing I am about to describe has happened in your midst, and perhaps the person who narrated the facts to me is present. I will endeavour to be as accurate as I can, and I hope not to over-colour the transaction. The brother and brother's wife of John Thomas—the name is fictitious, but I use it for convenience—both died, leaving a boy of about ten years of age. John Thomas felt as a good man should feel, and took the helpless orphan to his home and cherished him; but Thomas was not rich, and the only means of providing for the boy and enabling him to get his own bread was to teach him his own trade. Thomas had a son of his own and apprenticed both boys to himself; he was shortly afterwards waited on by the authorities of the union, who said they did not object to him having his own son as an apprentice, but that his nephew was not the son of one who was or had been a member of their trade, and that he must at once discharge the boy from his indentures. 'But the boy,' said Thomas, 'is the son of my brother, who is dead. The boy's mother is also dead, and it is my duty to protect him, and provide for him the means of getting his bread. I can only do this by teaching him my trade. I have not the means of putting him out elsewhere, and if I don't teach him he must grow up in ignorance and idleness, and be a burden to himself and all connected with him.' 'We can't help it,' said the deputation; 'it is against our rules.' 'And I,' answered Thomas, 'can't help that. I will not treat my dead brother's child thus cruelly; I will not desert him.' Well, the answer was, 'We shall take all the hands out of Mr. So-and-so's shop until you comply with our demand and obey our rules,' and they were as good as their word." Mr. Roebuck was followed home by a large crowd hooting him.

PAINFUL SUICIDE.

A CASE of suicide through the intimidation exercised by a trade union has occurred at Torquay. Jacob Winsor, a plasterer, aged fifty-eight, was on Tuesday found lying dead on the floor of his kitchen with his throat cut and a razor in his right hand. At the inquest his widow stated that he had been threatened by the trade union because he would not join the body, as his earnings were small. This was a source of great

trouble to him, and he frequently complained of being chaffed and jeered by the society men. His master's foreman told him that he was not wanted; this preyed upon his mind. Robert Winsor, deceased's son, confirmed the evidence as to the intimidation. The coroner said that if the evidence had substantiated a closer connection between the intimidation of the trade union and the unhappy catastrophe it would have been a serious matter for the secretary of the society.

CHANGES IN THE ITALIAN MINISTRY.

The *Movimento* publishes the following list of the changes which have occurred in the Italian Ministry since 1861:—September 5, 1861, Ricasoli President, several new Ministers appointed. March 3, 1862, Ricasoli still President, but all the other Ministers changed. March 31, 1862, some new Ministers appointed. April 7, 1862, more new Ministers. December 8, 1862, total change of Ministry. September 24, 1864, accession of the Minghetti Ministry. December 14, 1865, La Marmora appointed President, and several other Ministers changed. June 20, 1866, La Marmora remains, but all the other ministers changed. April 11, 1867, total change of Ministry, Ricasoli appointed President. October 27, 1867, accession of the Rattazzi Ministry. December 22, 1867, appointment of the Menabrea Ministry.

DR. CUMMING.

As to Dr. Cumming's lecture the other night, we think that the fallacy of the reverend gentleman is that which all ages have committed; it lies in believing their own events to be the most tremendous that can ever occur, and themselves the penultimate periods of history. In every successive century men have thought the world coming to an end. The old Greek story of "Cassandra" contains a deep moral; for if the future could be known, the gods would not have us know it. Our earthly lives are based upon the finite, and conditioned by the mystery of "to-morrow." It suffices for us all to march onward with a right conscience and a glad faith; the future "will come when it will come," and if we could know its joys, we should also know and be paralyzed by its sorrows. To-day is the proper business of men; yesterday "is not," save in the consequences that survive it; and, in arriving to-morrow becomes "to-day."

FRANCE AND SWITZERLAND.

A GOOD deal of alarm has been caused in Switzerland by the news that the French government is making considerable additions to the fort of Les Rousses, at the entrance of the Dappes valley. Les Rousses is an important strategic point, being at the junction of three main roads from Switzerland into France, leading to Dole and Besançon from the Dappes valley, the Orbes valley, and St. Cergues respectively. The fortifications at Les Rousses are very extensive, being capable of accommodating from 12,000 to 15,000 men, and command the whole of the adjoining district. The road through the Dappes valley passes over the Jura, where there is a redoubt, and there are also other strong forts upon it at St. Denis and L'Ecuse, which is connected with Lyons by the railway along the Rhone. By the strengthening of the works at Les Rousses France is now placed in a position to command nearly the whole of Switzerland on pouring her troops into Savoy.

CATCHING A CLOWN.

A CURIOUS case was brought before the Sunderland Bench. In the course of the Christmas pantomime at the Sunderland Lyceum, Mr. Hudspeth, the clown, had to take several flying header through the scenery at a height of about six feet from the ground, and the carpenters of the theatre were employed to receive him in their arms when he had achieved his leaps. At the performance on Christmas Eve the carpenters fulfilled their duty by the clown on the occasion of his first header, but they then refused to catch him any more; and Mr. Hudspeth would inevitably have broken his neck had not the son of the lessee, Mr. Holt, and some other gentlemen taken the place of the men who had struck. The reason for the strike was that the clown was said to pay his salvors shabbily. The lessee summoned the carpenters for neglect of duty, but the Bench dismissed them, holding that it is no part of a carpenter's duty to catch a clown.

TWO HEADS BETTER THAN ONE.

THE practice of two or more authors clubbing together to write a play, which has long been so prevalent in France, and is now beginning to be adopted on our own stage, is amusingly described by M. Goulet in a little book lately published in Paris, under the title of "Histoire Anecdote de la Collaboration au Théâtre." One of the stories he tells of Scribe is worth quoting. One day a young man from the provinces came to Scribe with an introductory letter and a manuscript comedy. The dramatist received his visitor politely, and promised to read his work. A year passed, and the provincial, not having heard anything of the comedy, again went to Paris and called on Scribe. The latter did not at first recollect his visitor, but on being told the title of the play, he referred to his note book, and taking a manuscript out of a drawer, asked the young author whether he could spare him an hour. The latter replied in the affirmative, upon which Scribe read to him his famous vaudeville, "La Chanoine." and asked his opinion of it. The young man of course praised it enthusiastically, but, recollecting the object of his visit, again asked about his manuscript. "Why, I have just read it to you," said Scribe, and seeing his visitor's astonishment, he added, "My dear sir, I found an idea in your play and made use of it. All ideas are to me everything, we are both authors of this piece."

Mr. John Bright and Mr. Dixon, the members for Birmingham, on Tuesday night addressed their constituents in the Town-hall of that borough.

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are the sole bottlers of Wine in Imperial measure.

THE ONE WINE COMPANY (Limited)

Say that an Imperial pint bottle is bound
by law to hold one-eighth part of a gallon.

And that an Imperial quart bottle is bound by law
to hold one-fourth part of a gallon.

THE ONE WINE COMPANY (Limited)

Say that the required quart is generally
understood to measure 6 to the gallon, but that
there is no law to declare what the true measure-
ment of a reputed pint or quart shall be, and conse-
quently there is no law to reach the bottler in short
measure. These bottles are made to hold any measure
from 6 to 8 to the gallon, according to the will of the
wine merchant, who, if he desires true 6's, has to make
special request for such to the manufacturer, who
deals in the ordinary course of his business in 6's,
6½'s, 7's, 7½'s, according to inquiry, which would not
be the case if such bottles were illegal, and which is
not the case with Imperial pints, which being legal,
are regular in measure.

These bottles of spurious extraction have sneaked
into use under the style and title of the Royal bottle—
the true quart—though at best they only contain two-
thirds the measure, and cannot be relied on even for
that—for a vast quantity of short measures being in
use and constant circulation they are day by day
exchanged by consumers for the bottles sent by the
respectable wine merchant, who must either refuse
them, which is often impossible—or not his interest to
do so; destroy them, which no one supposes; use
them, which he won't; or sell them at a loss to others,
who in re-filling them delude the buyer, inflict a wrong
on the wine trade generally, give occasion for a vast
amount of unnecessary labour, and becomes a source
of tricky opposition to the fair trader, who suffers.

These so-styled reputed quarts are neither honest,
legal, nor convenient, and even if prepared for any
reason whatever, should first be made subject to legal
measurement and control, like all other measures; be
stripped of their assumed reputed titles, which have
brought much dispute on the bottle peage; and
with their illegitimate children, the reputed pints, be
dubbed with some characteristic title, such as "sneaks"
and "half sneaks," declaring what they actually are.

THE ONE WINE COMPANY (Limited)

Sell the CHEAPEST WINES OF FRANCE—A
good, sound, rich, full, nutritious Claret (choix vin
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Imperial pints, 9s. per doz., or 9d. per bottle; Im-
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The same Wine in reputed measure.

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No charge for bottles, but 1s. per doz. allowed for
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Sell the CHEAPEST WINE OF SPAIN—A good,
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Imperial pints, 12s. per doz., or 1s. per bottle; Im-
perial quarts, 24s. per doz., or 2s. per bottle.

The same Wine in reputed measure.

Reputed pints, 8s. 6d. per doz., or 8d. per bottle;
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No charge for bottle.

THE ONE WINE COMPANY (Limited)

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The same Wine in reputed measure.

Reputed pints, 8s. 6d. per doz., or 8d. per bottle;
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The same Wine in reputed measure.

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